The Outlook

OCTOBER 25, 1922

MASTERS OF THE AIR

IN American aeronautical circles the year 1922 will always be known as the renascent year of aviation. For, with the winning of the world's speed records at Detroit, Saturday, October 14, America's leadership in the science of aeronautics and the art of flying is unquestioned. We now hold the endurance, altitude, and speed records for heavier-than-air machines, and these records were made by American pilots in American-built machines designed throughout by Americans.

It had been expected in Army and Navy aviation circles that the Pulitzer speed race at the National airplane meet at Detroit would bring home to the United States the international speed bacon. Lieutenant R. L. Maughan, of the Army Air Service, in his Curtiss army racer lived up to those expectations when he flew over a closed course of 155.34 miles at the rate of nearly three and one-half miles a minute! Maughan's average speed for the entire distance was 206 miles an hour. As a close second to this performance came Lieutenant L. J. Maitland, also of the Army, who drove his Curtiss racer over the same course at an average speed of 203 miles an hour. During some of the laps of his flight Maitland made better time than Maughan; for 50 kilometers he flew at a rate of 216.1 miles an hour and for 100 kilometers at 207.3 miles an hour.

Both of these fliers beat the 100-kilometer record of Le Cointe, famous French pilot, whose average speed last September was 202 miles an hour. They also beat the record of Kirsch, another Frenchman, who flew 200 kilometers in October, 1921, at an average speed of 174.8 miles an hour. Five other contestants at Detroit also beat this last record. Thus three world's records fell before American brains, skill, and endurance. And of the eleven pilots who finished in this race, none made less than 149.3 miles an hour average speed.

Watching this race were two middle-aged men: one, Orville Wright, the father of heavier-than-air flight, who on December 17, 1903, with his brother Wilbur gave aviation to the world; the other, Glenn H. Curtiss, foremost aeronautical engineer in the world to-day, who designed and built the successful machines. Both men saw the fruition of their dreams and their labors, American supremacy in all departments of heavier-than-air flight.

After this race Lieutenant Maughan drove a Curtiss machine over a short distance at the incredible speed of 248.5 miles per hour.

Aside from the performance of the machines and pilots in the numerous races during this Detroit meet, another

International

LIEUTENANT RUSSELL L. MAUGHAN, WHO WON THE PULITZER TROPHY AND ESTABLISHED NEW SPEED RECORDS AT DETROIT. HE FLEW ONE KILOMETER AT A RATE OF 248.5 MILES AN HOUR

event took place which is of tremendous import to the growth of commercial aviation in this country. An American Aeronautical Association was formed, which is Nation-wide in its scope, and which begins its life of usefulness with a tremendous membership. Men and women from all walks of life are enrolled in this great movement for the establishment of commercial aviation on a grand scale in America. For, after all, the real mission of aviation in this world is commercial. Were it for military and naval purposes only, it would have been ten thousand times ten thousand times better for the world had flying remained an unknown art.

This year's results in aeronautical effort, then, reaching a climax at Detroit, may be said to be the dawn of a new era in American aviation. We have reached the highest development in planes, engines, and equipment; we have produced the world's most skillful pilots; we have laid the foundation for public support of commercial aviation through the medium of a Nation-wide union of enthusiasts and practical, experienced airmen.

One thing remains to be done to place commercial aviation before the Nation as a useful adjunct to present methods of transportation; we must have Congressional laws for regulating and fostering its establishment—laws which will safeguard the public, which will do away with recklessness, which will prohibit dangerous equipment, which will provide air navigational facilities similar to shipping facilities, and which will permit the most complete co-operation between private and public aeronautical enterprises. The enactment of the Wadsworth-Hicks Bill for a Bureau of Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce, a bill now before Congress, will bring about this desirable condition of affairs in American commercial aviation.

SECRETARY HOOVER'S OPPOSITION TO THE CANCELLATION OF DEBTS

BANKERS, who are supposed to know a great deal about finance and ought to know a good deal about economics, have been represented lately as being disposed toward canceling all, or at least a large part, of the debts which European countries owe us. So we may judge from their chief spokesmen. The impression, for example, given by the recent Convention of the American Bankers' Association as reported by Stephen Bell in last week's Outlook is that the most influential bankers regard the payment of these debts as practically impossible.

Flatly opposed to any such conclusion is, however, the American who has earned the reputation of knowing more about international economic relations than any other American and quite as much as any other man in the world. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce,

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has explicitly stated that those debts (except for a negligible five per cent) can and should be paid.

As may well be imagined, Mr. Hoover rests the duty of payment, not upon a merely selfish consideration of American interests, but on a consideration of world stability and confidence. He points out that the economic problems of the world should "not be obscured by fluctuation in exchange or by calculation of trade balances in terms of war and depression." Many commentators on these economic conditions cannot see the woods for the trees; Mr. Hoover certainly has better vision than they have.

He points out, too, that these debts are not so much debts to our Government as debts to our taxpayers, and that the repudiation of them "would undermine the whole fabric of international good faith." He declares that the annual payments would vary in their burden upon the various debtor countries "from two to twelve per cent of their governmental incomes." Naturally, the American taxpayer regards other things as of more importance for stability than the repudiation of that amount of debt—and among them the reduction of armaments, the balancing of budgets, and the cessation of inflation. In comparison with the waste and destruction of armaments, extravagance, and inflation, the burden of the loans due to us is, says Mr. Hoover, trivial.

In detail he meets the argument that the payment of these balances means shipments of either goods or gold, that these shipments would have to be direct to us, that they would embarrass our industries, that they would depend upon the ability of a country to produce a surplus for export, and that present trade balances are an indication of future paying power. All these assumptions he examines and finds faulty. For instance, sources of money supply from which European countries can draw for paying their debts are to be found in the amounts spent by American tourists abroad, the remittances of emigrants, the investments abroad, etc., amounting in all to three times the interest on the debts. Moreover, even in payment of goods, shipments need not be direct; they may consist in shipments of manufactured goods to tropical countries and then shipments to us of tropical products which we need. Before the war the rest of the world owed Europe over thirty billion dollars, and that debt was borne without a ripple. The creditor situation has been shifted, but only partly.

Mr. Hoover rightly concludes that we should have more experience with economic forces before we jump to the idea that there is any necessity for putting irretrievable burdens upon the American taxpayer by canceling the debts.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENDATION OF CONGRESS

WITHOUT any reference to the approaching election, and without even a hint of partisan appeal, but evidently in recognition of the fact that as the election approaches the people of the country have a right to expect an account of stewardship from the party in power, the President has reviewed the work of Congress for the past two years and has called it good. Though he has addressed himself to the majority leader in the House of Representatives, he obviously intends his informal report for the whole people.

No one can expect, much less require, the President to emphasize the faults and shortcomings of a Congress in which his party has control. There is no reference, for example, in the President's letter to the passage of the Bonus Bill, which the President vetoed. Nor is there any suggestion of the tendency, discernible even in his own party, to the formation of such a group as the farm bloc, which the President has openly deplored. Naturally, too, the schedules of the Tariff Act which have been under attack are not mentioned even for the purpose of defense, as it is too soon to forget the effect of President Taft's approval of Schedule K.

On the other hand, President Harding's commendation is not emotional or excessive. The contrast which he draws between the record of reconstruction after the Civil War and that after the World War is striking and true. Certainly the convulsions of the early period of which President Harding reminds his readers—"the impeachment of one President, an embittered National election contest, and a prevalent conflict between legislative and executive branches"—have been conspicuously absent during these recent months. Similarly, his comparison of our own experience with other nations after the World War is fair and reasonable, and should lead to confidence in our own Government apart from party considerations.

Though it may be said that the reductions which we made in our expenditures, particularly for military purposes, which the President cites were made much more safely than they could have been if we had such close neighbors as France or Britain has, nevertheless the record is commendable. A reduction of annual public expenditures of over three billions in two years is one for which Congress should have credit—and all the more credit because it is in part the result of a budget system created by Congressional enactment.

The feature of the tariff which the President selects for special praise is its provision for administrative adjustment that makes the tariff flexible and adapted to changing conditions.

Many people who are concerned with our apparent isolation from our former Allies will welcome the President's statement that—

> The last thing in our thoughts is aloofness from the rest of the world. We wish to be helpful, neighborly, useful. To protect ourselves first and then to use the strength accruing through that policy for the general welfare of mankind is our sincere purpose.

There will be by no means unanimous assent to the approval which the President gives for the extent of the provision which has been made for disabled veterans; and there are signs that people in certain regions of our country are by no means satisfied with the agricultural advancement which the President cites; but on the whole the President is not without justification in expressing gratification at the progress made toward normal conditions. Certainly as a measure of economic health it would be hard to find anything better than the advancing value of Liberty Bonds. After all, that tells pretty well of the confidence which the people of the country have in the soundness of their Government.

THE FEDERAL COAL COMMISSION

THE country will welcome President Harding's appointment of the United States Coal Commission. The Commission proposed has been pretty generally called a Fact-Finding Commission; it will be also, we hope, a fact-selecting commission. There has been a vast amount of statistics, averages, and the like put forth by the leaders of both sides of the recent coal war. What most of us would like to see would be an intelligent and wise selection and presentation of those things that are of vital importance—the things that will aid the consumer to get fair treatment from the industry, the operator to carry on his business with some security, and the working miner to have steady employment for reasonable hours at a fair wage.

There has been nothing but approval, so far as we have observed, at the list of seven names in the President's Commission. Its chairman is John Hays Hammond, who has no superior as a mining engineer and is thoroughly acquainted with the practical as well as the financial aspects of mining; the

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IF HE DO RESIST, SUBDUE HIM AT HIS PERIL

(Othello, Act I, Scene 2)

Darling in the New Haven Register

LETTING COUSIN JONATHAN ATTEND TO THE DOOR

From Elinor C. Woolson, Naugatuck, Conn.

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News

WILL THE TURKS LISTEN TO REASON?

Marcus in the New York Times

TURKEY: "THANKS! AGAIN YOU'VE HELPED ME WIN!"

From Wayne W. Jordan, Atlantic City, N. J.

Bernard Partridge in London Punch

THE WATCH ON THE BOSPHORUS

Turkey (fortissimo): "See the conquering hero comes!"
Britain and France (together): "Yes, we see all right; but don't you let your head get too big for your fez, young fellow."

From Rev. W. S. Rainsford, Ridgefield, Conn.

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others are, Thomas Marshall, Vice-President during the Wilson Administration; Judge Samuel Anschuler, who arbitrated the labor dispute in the packing industry; Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta "Constitution;" George Otis Smith, head of the Geological Survey; Dr. Edward T. Devine, economist and philanthropist of New York City; and Dr. Charles P. Neill, formerly Commissioner of Labor.

The duties intrusted to this Commission are numerous, but we see no mention of a report on the desirability of establishing a permanent National Coal Commission. That is a step which most impartial students of the question believe should be taken, so that the coal industry, like the railway industry, should have a permanent body prepared to consider and act within reasonable limits in the case of disputes within the industry.

Among the subjects to be reported by the Commission are all facts which should make it possible to stabilize the industry, to insure a steady supply of coal to consumers, and to indicate remedies for possible future strikes. This would of course include all facts of large importance regarding ownership, wages, production, labor cost, distribution cost, and the profits of owners, transporting railways, controlling coal companies or wholesalers, and retailers.

Since the miners in both branches of the coal industry have been back at work the opinion has been frequently expressed that the settlement is merely a truce and that there is great danger that the war may begin anew in April, 1923, when the entire wage question must be taken up again. One example of this opinion is found in an address by Mr. C. E. Maurer, Vice-President of the American Mining Congress. He is quoted as saying that the whole industry should "organize its household for self-examination, self-expression, and self-government," that the mine workers have got the upper hand, and that the operators have managed their own business so badly that Federal control is imminent.

If this condition of things exists, there is certainly great need for intelligent and thorough investigation by the new Coal Commission. The time between now and April 1 is short for such an investigation and for legislative action by Congress. All the more reason that the work should be pressed with vigor and sound judgment.

AGAINST LIFE-SAVING

Copies have been sent us of so-called anti-vivisection bills introduced in Colorado and California; we are told that in the latter State an attempt is to be made to secure indorsement from the voters at the coming election. We strongly urge any voters before whom the question may come to refuse to indorse the measure. Certainly they should not do so unless they know just what it means.

The California bill bears the misleading caption "'An act prohibiting the vivisection or torture of human beings or animals." But in the text we find that "the causing of any deformity, *sickness*, or disease in or to any living creature for experimental purpose" is punishable. Now, it may be wrong to give a mouse a new drug or inject in him a new serum, but it certainly is not "vivisection or torture" unless it is "vivisection" to inject the new diabetes serum in a human patient or "torture" to give him a dose of calomel. The major part of the anti-vivisection argument is based on the horror caused by the sound of the word vivisection, although the thing sought to be restrained is not torture but mild experimentation from which (as has been demonstrated beyond question) both the human and the animal world have benefited enormously.

The present California law allows "properly conducted scientific experiments or investigations performed under the authority of the faculty of a regularly incorporated medical college or university of this State." The new bill repeals this provision, and thereby brands all the State's colleges and medical schools as cruel. Could fanaticism further go! An attempt is made to get the trapper and farmer vote by allowing amateur barnyard operations and ignoring the suffering or starving of tortured trapped animals.

The Colorado bill has a mild title referring to "experimental operations or administrations;" but the text defines among the things included anything which may "cause pain or suffering in any part or any organ"—a wide-open definition.

A refreshing contrast to these bills comes to us simultaneously. It is a resolution passed by a vote of about 600 to 20 by the Pennsylvania State Federation of Women putting on record "their gratitude to medical science for past discoveries so profoundly beneficial to human beings and to animals, and we believe that such beneficent researches should be continued and encouraged."

A valued correspondent calls attention to the benefit of animal experimentation in saving animals from death and suffering and in food values. Thus in six years through the use of a serum discovered by animal experimentation the loss from hog cholera was cut down by about $47,000,000. The illustration might be multiplied.

If there is any real cruelty or malicious torture going on, by all means let it be stopped. But don't be misled by hysterical language.

SIMS, THE UNMUZZLED

There are times when retirement laws seem to work against the public interest. The thought is brought about by the news that Rear-Admiral William Snowden Sims has been placed upon the retired list of the Navy merely because he is sixty-two years old. Age may be a matter of record, but the record does not always correspond with the spirit.

Rear-Admiral Sims has always been a center of discussion and controversy. His enthusiasm, his drive, and his eagerness for results have not always been recognized for their true worth by more placid souls in the Government.

He upset tradition by appealing directly to President Roosevelt for reforms in American gunnery. If tradition was broken in this instance, so also were American gunnery records.

Later he caused another storm and received a Presidential reprimand for a speech on Anglo-American friendship made in England long before the World War. According to naval tradition, the rebuke was deserved, but his prophecy was nevertheless to be fulfilled.

The New York "Times" in its editorial on Rear-Admiral Sims's retirement says that for the "commander of the Navy in European waters and liaison officer between the United States and British Governments . . . a better choice could not have been made by President Wilson." The "Times" is manifestly right in this statement, but it fails to record the fact, so amply shown in Ambassador Page's biography and in Admiral Sims's own story of the American Navy in the war, that the Navy Department failed lamentably in the early days of the war to give to Sims the support and co-operation which was his right.

When the war was over, Rear-Admiral Sims again was a storm center in the controversy over the question of the award of naval honors. His recommendations to Washington were largely ignored and a policy of distribution of honors was adopted by Secretary Daniels which seemed so unfair to Admiral Sims that he declined to receive the honors which the Navy Department was ready to accord him. Both informed and popular opinion sided with Admiral Sims in this controversy.

When Admiral Sims retired, he was President of the Naval War College at Annapolis. Our Navy is a better Navy because it has enjoyed the lifelong de-

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International

THE ENTRANCE OF THE TURKS INTO SMYRNA—A SUPPLY TRAIN ENTERING THE CITY, WITH THE TURKISH CRESCENT PROUDLY DISPLAYED ON THE FOREMOST OX-CART

votion and service of Rear-Admiral Sims.

THE NATIONAL NAVY CLUB

LAST week The Outlook devoted a large amount of space to the constructive work of the United States Navy in times of peace. The courage and self-sacrifice of American naval officers and bluejackets in times of war is spread upon the records of the great European Continent, notably in Admiral Sims's remarkable book. During their term of service the home of our bluejackets is on the sea, and when they touch at American ports they are to a certain extent strangers in a strange land. Everything possible should therefore be done by their grateful countrymen to minister to their comfort and welfare while in port. New York City is the port most frequented by ships of the Atlantic Squadron, and the National Navy Club of New York is performing a service which ought to enlist the interest, not only of New Yorkers, but of people all over the country, for our bluejackets come from all over the country. We know from personal inspection what this Club is doing, but in order that our commendation may not be tossed aside as the opinion of mere landlubbers, we quote from a letter which we have recently received from a lieutenant commander of the Navy:

> It is not generally realized how important to the enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps is the work undertaken by the Navy Club. There is no other club of this kind to compete in this special field of activity, and, consequently, there is no duplication of effort. The Naval Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn (so generously sponsored by Mrs. Finley J. Shepard) does a very fine work, but it is not located in the heart of New York City. I know from my observations and talks with men under my command that fully ninety per cent of them instinctively would choose association on shore with the same kind of girls and women as they left in their own home, but, unfortunately, it is very difficult for a bluejacket to make the proper kind of friendships in New York or other large cities. This need is met at the Navy Club, where ladies of the highest standing in New York volunteer their services to help make the club a home for the men.
>
> There is a reading-room, library, writing-room, pool-room, and a small café where simple meals are served at cost; there is also a limited dormitory space. The principal handicap that now confronts the club is the lack of dormitory equipment, where men on liberty or furlough can find a clean, pleasant place to spend the night at a minimum charge.
>
> The drive which is to be inaugurated by Mrs. William H. Hamilton and others interested in the Navy Club deserves the support of friends of the Navy throughout the United States, for its benefits are given as freely to the boy from Kansas as to the one from New York—in fact, the Kansas boy, being further from home, really benefits more than his shipmate whose home may be near New York.
>
> The American public may have an honest difference of opinion as to the size of the Navy, but there should be no difference as to the wish for having a Navy of the highest quality as regards officers and men. To attract and hold the clean-cut, manly high school boy and the ambitious young man who enlists to learn a trade it is necessary to have contentment in the service. The Navy of to-day is making a sincere and effective attempt to build up and insure contentment on board ship; but on account of the restrictions imposed by law, the Navy Department can do very little to insure its men against homesickness and discontent while ashore on furlough or on liberty ashore.

We urge those who are interested in the efficiency and welfare of the American Navy to write to the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the National Navy Club of New York, 15 East 41st Street, New York City, for full information about the activities and work of the Club. Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the European War under the Administration of President Wilson, as his cousin, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, is now Assistant Secretary of the Navy under the Administration of President Harding. In this very striking fashion the Roosevelt name is still intimately associated with American naval progress, and our readers may be assured that any welfare enterprise with which Franklin Roosevelt associates himself is worthy of the fullest confidence.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE NEAR EAST

THE political crisis in England largely, but not entirely, grows out of the recent situation in the Near East. Lloyd George's address at Manchester before the Reform Club was both a call to his supporters to enter the political battle and a defense of his administration's conduct of affairs in the Near East.

A general election is, as we write, considered imminent; if it is averted, it will be because the meeting of Unionist leaders planned for October 19 will have indicated such a large support for the continuance of the coalition under Lloyd George's leadership that his resignation and appeal to the country will not be needed. He summed up his defense in two sentences: "I cast myself upon the people; the people will see fair play," and "We have not been war-mongers, but peacemakers."

Americans who do not follow English politics closely have often expressed surprise that the coalition of parties formed when the war broke out should continue four years after the end of the war. The chief reason is the potential power of the Labor Party. Austen Chamberlain laid great stress in his recent speech, which was only less important than that of Lloyd George, on the danger that an increase of strength in the Labor Party would mean its domination of the Coalition through its power to throw its solid vote one way or the other. It is a mistake to suppose that the Conservatives, or Unionists, are united against Lloyd George. He is supported whole-heartedly and aggressively in the present situation by such

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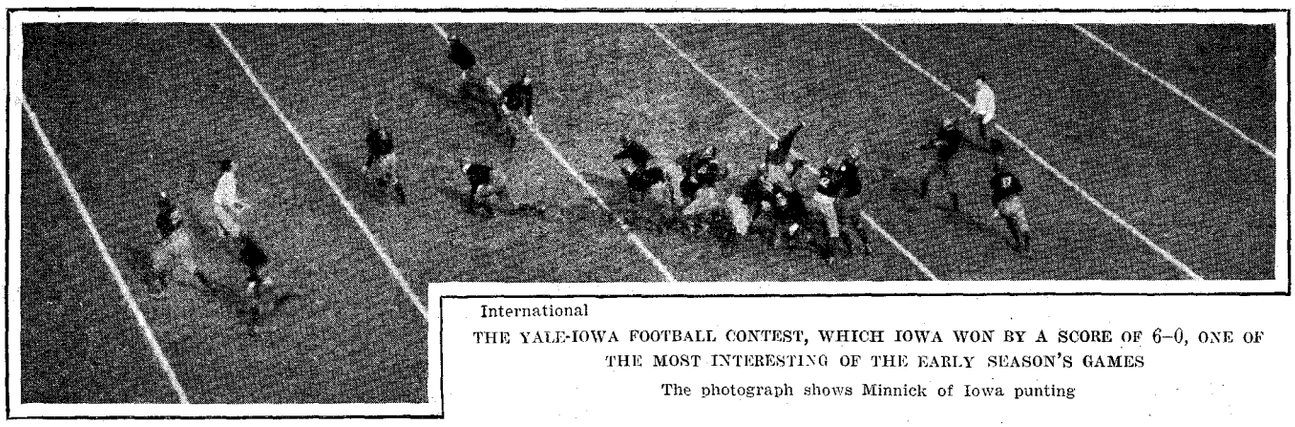

International

THE YALE-IOWA FOOTBALL CONTEST, WHICH IOWA WON BY A SCORE OF 6–0, ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING OF THE EARLY SEASON'S GAMES

The photograph shows Minnick of Iowa punting

of their leaders as Austen Chamberlain, the Earl of Balfour, Winston Churchill, Marquis Curzon, Viscount Birkenhead, Bonar Law, and many others. The real question is whether an Opposition made up of men and of parties who dislike Lloyd George and distrust his policies will so combine after the proposed general election as to form a working majority and to be intrusted with the Government. To an outsider this would seem somewhat like a Cave of Adullam party.

"WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF BRITAIN'S?"

LLOYD GEORGE'S speech varied from passionate earnestness to free and easy facetiousness; an instance of the latter was his sardonic remark in reply to the opinion that "What the country wants is less brilliancy and a change to something a little more dull and ordinary." He said: "There ought to be no difficulty in supplying from among my critics any number of suitable candidates that would fulfill that description." The personal and familiar note was struck again when he said: "I have been treated by some of the London press as if I were an old actor whom fashionable circles in London have no use for. But, gentlemen, I can still go touring the provinces."

There was no jocosity in Lloyd George's treatment of the Eastern situation. Astonishingly direct and open to attack was his remark:

> Our critics say: "Why didn't you have an understanding with your allies?" We did. Only a few weeks ago we received a message from the French Government that if the Greeks or the Turks invaded the neutral zone they would have to be resisted by force by the Allies. We accepted that. We thought they meant it. How were we to believe it was only intended for one side?

Nothing was more earnestly put in the whole address than Lloyd George's reply (after his statement that since 1914 the Turks had slaughtered 500,000 Armenians and 500,000 Greeks) to the supposed question, "What business is it of Britain's?" He said: "That was not the old Liberal policy. It was not the policy certainly that I was brought up in. It was not what I was taught in my youth —that Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen should every morning repeat reverently the litany of the cynic: 'Am I my brother's keeper?'—that Great Britain should face the world with the brand of Cain upon her brow." In line with this the Premier pointed out the vital importance of securing the Straits against what happened in 1914: "Vital to us, vital to humanity, we could not have those Straits barred without giving away the biggest important prize we had won by the victory over Turkey in the Great War, and which had cost us so much in life and treasure."

Mr. Chamberlain, who was no less outspoken in his defense of the British action in the Near East than was the Premier, declared that there were moments when danger of attack on the British forces at Chanak was imminent and that the criticism of opponents included language "the only effect of which could be to weaken the Government authority, encourage the Kemalists, and present the British Empire to France as a humble satellite in the orbit of French policy, bound to exercise no independent judgment or take independent action."

These two addresses and that of Mr. Bonar Law, who declared that withdrawal from the neutral zone would have been regarded throughout the whole Mussulman world as defeat for the British Empire, certainly show that the most prominent leaders of the Coalition are ready to enter a political contest with an undivided front. If the Opposition should win, Mr. Lloyd George will have the opportunity to criticise from the side-lines. He indicated some skepticism as to whether his opponents would find their job an easy one: "I've had a long spell and a pretty hard one," he declared, and added: "I'll watch, for instance, to learn how to forgive Germany her reparations and yet make France love us more than ever. I'll watch how we are to pay the United States, yet forgive every other country everything they owe us. I'll watch how you work the educational system, giving more to the unemployed, yet lightening taxes."

THE HONOR OF JAPAN

ON December 2 next the port of Tsingtau will be turned over by Japan to China. The announcement of the forthcoming transfer has been made by the Japanese Government. The prophets of evil, who have tried to discredit Japan's word, have only about six weeks in which to hope for some accident to thwart this honorable act.

If this proceeding were the aftermath of a war between the two countries, it would signify a great victory for China. As it is, the withdrawal of Japan from this Chinese port signifies as well a great and notable victory for Japan. It virtually completes the settlement of one of the most perplexing and irritating of recent international questions—the question of Shantung. Nothing in the Versailles Treaty aroused more irritation in America than the provision which, by recognizing Japan's succession to the German lease of territory on Kiaochau Bay and the control of the railway from Tsingtau to Tsinanfu, gave to Japan virtual economic control of the most sacred and one of the richest of China's provinces. On the other hand, nothing which occurred at the Armament Conference at Washington was more of a diplomatic achievement than the agreement reached between China and Japan for the restoration to China of the rights which Japan held in Shantung by virtue of conquest over Germany and of international law.

It would be hard to find in all diplomatic history a problem more complicated by a snarl of moral rights, legal rights, national sensitiveness, economic considerations, and Oriental intrigue. That it has been settled without clash of arms, without even recourse to arbitration, but by mutual agreement, with the friendly counsel of other nations, is creditable alike to China and Japan, and is as favorable an omen of peace and

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justice among nations as is to be found anywhere in the world to-day.

FOOTBALL

THE football season has brought with it the usual amount of space-filling comment from the legion of sport writers. The oracle of Delphi could have learned much from many of these writers concerning the fine art of non-incriminating prophecy. To many of these writers should also be apportioned due share of the blame for the championship mania which has undermined our amateur standards.

It seems to us that the chief function of the football writer should be the effort to make the game as intelligible as possible to the public which has not had the benefit of playing the game. Real football experts could find ample material in this field to fill any number of newspaper columns. But probably it is much easier to fill their space with such statements as "undoubtedly the Hoozis Wildcats will be weaker than the Whatsat Bohemoths if the Whatsat Bohemoths are not stronger than the Hoozis Wildcats, but on the other hand . . ."

We need "quote" no further—the formula can be repeated to infinity, like the pattern on a wall-paper.

THE ABUSE OF THE CHILD

TWO earnest attempts to abolish the abuses of child labor have failed because the Federal laws enacted for that purpose have been declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. Therefore the only way of bringing the Federal power to bear is to amend the Constitution. This is the ground now taken by the friends of the movement against excessive child labor. The Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee some months ago announced his belief that it would now be folly to attempt to deal with the matter in any other way, and his position has been sustained by utterances from others all over the country, including some from the South, where State's rights feeling is so strong.

It is evident that if an Amendment to the United States Constitution is to be passed it should be permissive, not compulsory; that is, it should give Congress power to pass an enforcing law which should meet the requirements of the United States Constitution as amended, but it should not require that such a law should be passed.

There seems to be a tendency among those who have not looked into this question to suppose that agitation has led to such regulative State legislation as to reduce the evil substantially. This is a mistake. There are only two ways of making child labor conditions what they should be. One is that already indicated—namely, by an Amendment to the Constitution; the other is by the growth of public sentiment in the States to such an extent that the Legislatures shall pass really satisfactory and uniform laws and that the people shall then insist upon their enforcement.

Recent reports as to actual conditions show that the laws are lax in no fewer than twenty-eight States; that, for instance, in Georgia children twelve years old may be worked ten hours a day and children fourteen and a half all night long, while none of the twenty-eight States referred to come up to the reasonable standards fixed by the two Federal laws which have been discarded. The United States Children's Bureau has quite recently issued a special report relating to excessive child labor in the anthracite mining districts. In one area of about half a mile square all the living conditions were found to be such that they were injurious to the health of the children, while the schools were deficient and about 1,350 out of 3,000 of the boys and girls between thirteen and sixteen years of age had left school for work. Moreover, more than five hundred of the boys employed in connection with mining were, says the report, employed contrary to law because below the legal age, while a considerable number of them not yet sixteen years of age were employed underground.

These facts, and very many others that might be quoted, certainly show that the child is urgently in need of protection from the United States Government. The form of Amendment which has been suggested by the National Child Labor Committee is certainly moderate. It reads as follows:

> Congress shall have power to regulate or forbid the labor of minors at an age, or under conditions, deemed injurious to their health or morals. Such power shall be concurrent and not exclusive and the exercise thereof by Congress shall not prevent any State from adopting other or further regulations, not inconsistent therewith.

Reports show that an enormous number of young children are now engaged in work unsuitable for them who would be in school to-day if the last Federal act had stood the test of the courts. The form of amendment which the Child Labor Committee proposes is too specifically confined to one aspect of protective welfare legislation, and is therefore not the best that can be devised; but there is need of doing something, and of doing it soon. As Mr. Lovejoy, of the National Committee, says: "A nation that cannot protect its own children from industrial exploitation should be ashamed of itself. It should at least have the power to do so. There is no democracy in permitting backward localities to use up childhood. We might as well speak of a democracy of robbery, of murder."

WANTED: CONSISTENT PACIFISTS

PEOPLE who are inconsistent are always a disappointment. They are particularly disappointing when one happens to be looking for sincere opponents with whom to argue.

We know of one man who lost a valuable friendship because his "preachin' and practice" didn't "gee." And he lost his friend by doing something which that friend was willing to die for.

It happened during the early days of the war. The inconsistent gentleman was a pacifist. His consistent friend was a devout believer in the cause of the Allies—we shall therefore adopt momentarily the pacifist nomenclature and call him, for the purpose of this editorial. Mr. Militarist. Before the United States had entered the war Mr. Militarist had served in France in the Ambulance Corps and had returned to America only in the hope of enlisting under his own flag. While moving heaven and earth to get into the service he roomed with Mr. Pacifist, who had for many months been preaching the avoidance of military duties. Mr. Militarist, believing in the sincerity of his friend, gave him counsel as to the proper occasion for registering his protest against the draft—whether the fight should be made at the time of registration or on the day he should be called to the colors. When the call came, however, Mr. Pacifist meekly donned the uniform and went off to camp. Mr. Militarist, we believe, has never spoken to him since. He lost his friend, not because he differed from him in opinion, but because he found him lacking in the courage to be consistent. Similarly, we find that some of the pacifists who are still working for that very desirable end—the abolition of war—are appealing to convictions which they themselves shrink from following to the end.

On the back of a recent issue of the "Nation" we find a page advertisement appealing to American citizens in the following words:

> You are conscious of the concerted effort of the schools, the press, the movies, the church, the government, to make us a slavish-minded people and to create as the pattern of the loyal citizen the man who obeys, conforms and never analyzes or criticises

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the existing order. Have you failed to revolt against this? . . .

Those of us who know that war is always wrong will work together.

At the bottom of this appeal is a pledge which the reader is asked to sign, which reads as follows:

I affirm that it is my intention never to aid in or sanction war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, in any way, whether by rendering military service, making or handling munitions, subscribing to war loans, using my labor for the purpose of setting others free for war service, helping by money or work any relief organization which supports or condones war.

The inconsistency of this pacifist appeal is to be found, we think, in the pledge which we have just quoted. It covers much, but it does not cover enough. If the philosophy of the preceding appeal is to be carried to its logical conclusion, it demands absolute nonresistance. A man or a woman who accepts this philosophy cannot say, or rather should not say: "I will resist some things and will refuse to resist others. I will not resist the attack of a nation, but I will resist the attack of a thug. I will not support soldiers, but I will support policemen." The pledge, it seems to us, should have an additional clause. This clause might read: "I will pay no taxes either directly or indirectly to any National, State, or municipal government which uses force for the purpose of maintaining law and order."

Only by extending the pledge to this limit can its demands be made logical and complete. A subscriber to such a pledge would at least not be inconsistent in declining to follow in the wicked footsteps of Florence Nightingale. Surely the breed of martyrs has deteriorated if our present variety is willing to ignore the logic of their principles for the sake of avoiding the inconvenience of refusing to pay taxes.

THE LEGACY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IT is right and proper for Americans this week, which includes the anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birth, October 27, to consider how and why his spirit has still a potent influence upon his countrymen. For that reason both in prose and verse special emphasis in this issue of The Outlook is laid upon his life and work.

The test of a democracy lies in the leaders that it produces. A nation which within little more than half a century produces a Lincoln and a Roosevelt need not fear the verdict of posterity. In literature, in music, in sculpture, in painting, in architecture, we have produced no men of equal eminence. We are a nation of action rather than of artistry. When Theodore Roosevelt published his volume, "The Strenuous Life," he prefixed to it a quotation from Tennyson's "Ulysses" containing these lines:

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use.

The English artist summed up the energy of an irresistible and permanently inspiring American statesman. No such driving force had emerged in our public life for many decades. Indeed, it begins to appear that Theodore Roosevelt was and is the greatest exponent of American spiritual energy. It is still less than four years since his death—and here one thinks of Browning's words, "Never say of me that I am dead"—yet his fame seems already secure and his birthday is sure to be more and more widely celebrated as the years go by. "They must needs be men of lofty stature," says Hazlitt, "whose shadows lengthen out to remote posterity." Roosevelt was one of those men.

No better proof of his unquenchable energy for righteousness could have been supplied than during the period, six years after he had retired from the Presidency, from May, 1915, to April, 1917. It is no exaggeration to say that during that bitter time he was the great awakener of his country's soul, the real leader of our spiritual forces. The moral indignation of his writings recalled a Carlyle or a Swift. His capacity for action went into his pen; its results were cumulative and sure. While men of lesser stature were counseling timidity and profits from munitions, he foresaw the part which America must perforce assume. And he did not die until the triumph was won. Figuratively but none the less actually he carried the flag and led the charge.

Like all great fighters, he loved a fight only for its results in righteousness. In these days of unsettled policies, of fierce industrial conflict, it is salutary to remember that Theodore Roosevelt was a statesman, not a politician. He never vulgarly asked, "What is there in it for me?" but, "How can I serve my country and my time?" With mean struggles for financial advantage he was never in sympathy. He regarded "malefactors of great wealth" and of labor unions with equal abhorrence. He called American citizens to service for their country—which in the end means true advantage for themselves. He looked beyond the hilltops, not into the slime. The man with a muckrake, the man who lights the destructive torch or loosens railway ties, he considered a low type of human animal. The forces of unrighteousness had good reason to fear his tremendous energy and his searching intellect. The feeble poison of their attacks on him had small effect, however, upon the public mind—and still less upon his own mind. He knew that his country would remember his services, whether in the matter of settling a coal strike or acquiring a Panama Canal or putting America on record as participant in the greatest of historic struggles to overthrow a ruthless military tyranny. Such an example of leadership as his is not dimmed in death; it does not rust unburnished, it shines in use. For it is the sword of the Republic, which he kept bright and handed on.

The astonishing thing about Roosevelt, however, was that he was not only a great man of action but a mirror of the best in American culture. An indefatigable reader, observer, and talker, he absorbed information and inspiration in the same manner, one thinks, that Shakespeare absorbed them. At one moment he was lunching in the White House with a noble leader of the Negro race; at another he was encouraging a poet who since has risen to the foremost rank among us. Like Goethe, he looked once into a book and twice into human nature; like Arnold, he felt that it is conduct which makes up three-fourths of life; like Emerson, he believed in a kind of mystical common sense which can hitch a wagon not merely to a horse but to a star. There was no useful and noble side of American life that he did not touch. If he lacked the austere and Scriptural simplicity of Lincoln, he had the same magical understanding of the common people, the same enduring sympathy with them. He walked with kings or with plowmen with the same easy stride and the same born comradeship. No name since Lincoln's evokes such popular enthusiasm; and none is so worthy of it. We have no Westminster Abbey in which are buried the best of those that served their country and mankind; but in our American temple of silent admirations we have merely to mention the name of Theodore Roosevelt to awaken echoes of his greatness.

"The end of a man," said a remarkable writer, "is an action and not a thought, however noble." In these United States we have not yet retired to the library to compose masterpieces. Our greatest men are still in the open, under the sun or the stars. They build industrial empires, structures of steel or of statesmanship. They make ready a vast territory for later leisure and for perfection of culture. They serve a country still young and with the head-

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long impetuosity of youth. They have found that "something lost behind the ranges" which has always waited for explorers, for pioneers. The best reminder of Roosevelt's spirit which his death evoked was a drawing, by a Western artist, of a fiery rider up the trail toward the mountain ranges which hold our hopes and our dreams.

THE TURK IN THE NEAR EAST

WHAT WOULD ROOSEVELT HAVE DONE ABOUT IT?

BY S. RALPH HARLOW

TWO anecdotes in which Theodore Roosevelt centers may be of interest, especially because the second has direct relation to the present world situation.

The first incident took place when I was an undergraduate at Harvard. There was a serious question at the time as to whether intercollegiate football might not be abolished by the College Faculty. Very strong opposition to such a move was felt by the student body. It was when this subject was the main topic of discussion in the college halls at Cambridge that President Roosevelt spoke to us in the Harvard Union. The great assembly hall of the Union was packed with undergraduates, and when Roosevelt came in and waved his hand to the crowd he was received with a fine ovation. In the middle of his speech he turned to the subject of intercollegiate athletics, and, with that vigor and enthusiasm which he threw into any cause in which he believed, he said, "I believe in *intercollegiate football*." A great roar went up from the crowd that shook the very roof. When the applause had died away, he leaned forward and said in a clear, quiet voice: "And I also believe in good hard study. I believe in *scholarship*." Raising his hand to his ear, as though listening, he said: "I don't hear so much enthusiasm about that. Where are your *cheers*?" This produced a good deal of laughter and hand-clapping.

The next time I met Roosevelt was on the platform of the railway station at Syracuse. With a group of friends, I was coming to Boston from the West. The conductor told us that Roosevelt's car had been attached to ours during the night, but he added, "Roosevelt had given instructions that he does not wish to see any one." It happened that I was the only Harvard graduate in the group in our car, though there were several Yale men. I suggested that there was a way by which we could easily get Roosevelt, but that they must be willing to give a Harvard cheer. So we all piled out on the station platform under the windows of Roosevelt's car and there we gave a good rousing Harvard cheer with "Teddy" three times on the end. In five seconds there he was climbing down the steps to the platform, both arms reaching out to us, and that wonderful smile of his, with the old familiar "de-lighted" on his lips.

At that time I had just returned from Asia Minor, where I had witnessed the fearful deportations on the Bagdad Railroad, and could give him first-hand information of the awful atrocities going on. He asked me a number of questions, continually shaking his head and saying, "Terrible," "Terrible," "Terrible." Then, with a tense expression on his face, he said: "Mr. Harlow, the greatest regret that I have as I look back on my Administration is the fact that when that awful Adana massacre occurred this Government did not take steps against that outrage on civilization."

My readers may remember that when Roosevelt gave his inspiring message to the American Army he was criticised in some places because he included the Turks in his address and urged our boys to do all in their power to defeat the Germans and the Austrians, *and the Turks*.

I wonder what Theodore Roosevelt would say to-day, when in the name of *humanity* we drew the sword and sent our sons to France, when we declared that, though we were the "last to come, we will be the last to stay, till right has had her crowning day."

I have just listened to the contents of a letter sent by one of our boys on an American destroyer at Smyrna. He tells of having to stand by while the brutal Turkish soldiers seized beautiful Christian girls and tore them screaming from their mothers and outraged them right on the public quay of Smyrna. He saw these brutal soldiers shooting down helpless women with children in their arms, unarmed men beaten to death by the gun butts of these Turkish soldiery. And then he tells of his anguish that the orders of our Government were such that he had to stand by, helpless, before such atrocities.

America to-day is the strongest and most powerful nation in the world, the richest nation in the world. We pledged (in terms of idealism such as had never before been attained by a people on a nation-wide scale) to lay all our treasure and manhood on the altar of *freedom* and *humanity*. Those were not idle words *then*.

When the war came to an end, those great problems which most affected the happiness and welfare of countless thousands—yes, millions—waited to be solved. We were definitely asked to accept responsibility in the Near East. The Harbord Commission said that it might take two divisions of men and some millions of dollars. We could have disarmed the entire population. Turks, Greeks, and Armenians longed for our coming, yes, prayed for it. As the Harbord Commission stated, if justice, humanity, and a great opportunity to render service on a wide scale were taken into consideration, there was only one path to follow. As the Chairman of the Near East Commission at the Versailles Conference declared: "The greatest opportunity that ever came to a nation to render humane service on a large scale knocked at America's doors. The zero hour struck, and America refused to go over the top." As Dr. Conrad declared in Symphony Hall, Boston, this week, and as Harry Fosdick in the very same words declared in New York City recently, America's attitude in the present world situation "smells to heaven."

Yesterday five hundred thousand helpless Christians were done to death, and not a single protest against the cruelty, the inhumanity, and the injustice has been raised by the American Government. We have expressed sympathy; we have sent relief "for Americans only;" but we have not uttered a word of warning as a Government to the criminals, and we have asserted again and again as a Government that we do not intend to interfere. Nearly two million helpless, unarmed Christians await massacre and death in Constantinople and Thrace. The Near East Relief has all the evidence that the massacre in Constantinople has been definitely planned, that the city has been even divided into areas, with the amount of money the Christians in each area possess. It is not *Turkey*, or the *Allied nations* who stand to-day alone at the bar of justice. *America* stands there too, and when history is written may God help us! Our statesmen, our leaders, call themselves Christians. Many of them are officers in the Christian Church. They are supposed to have pledged their loyalty to the God of humanity above their loyalty to any party or any policy. And yet to-day, I ask, where is the voice in America of any statesman or of any Government official that is sounding out, not sweet nothings of sympathy, but stern denunciation and warning to the Turkish Government against these unspeakable atrocities? The only voice I can think of from a man who has held a high Government position is that of Henry Morganthau; but when I think of Roosevelt, and of what this situation would have stirred him to, I cannot help but repeat those familiar words—

"O for the touch of a hand that is gone and the sound of a voice that is still!"

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VILLAGE EVENTS IN

Paul Thompson

BOY SCOUTS IN THE "SAFETY FIRST WEEK" PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

A feature of the parade was a section numbering 1,054 children, to show the onlookers the magnitude of the children's sacrifice to vehicular traffic in New York

Paul Thompson

"WHITE STAR" MOTHERS—THOSE WHO HAVE LOST CHILDREN THROUGH ACCIDENTS—WITNESSING THE DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT TO CHILD VICTIMS

The monument, a tablet molded in plaster, designed by Thomas Hastings, sculptor, was erected in Central Park. Dr. Copeland, who dedicated the monument, said that the city's mortality from accident was greater than that from measles, scarlet fever, and whooping cough combined

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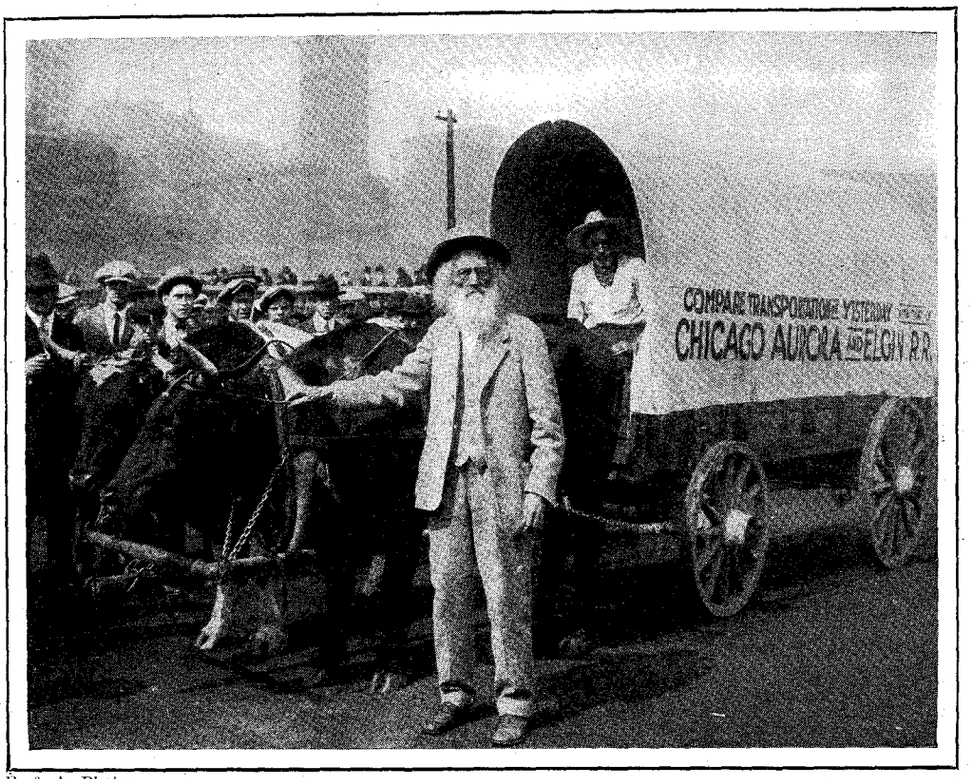
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

A PRAIRIE SCHOONER IN THE TRANSPORTATION SHOW CONDUCTED BY THE RAILWAY CONVENTION IN CHICAGO

This prairie schooner was driven by Uncle Ezra Meeker, who fifty years ago drove a similar vehicle across the plains from Indianapolis to Seattle



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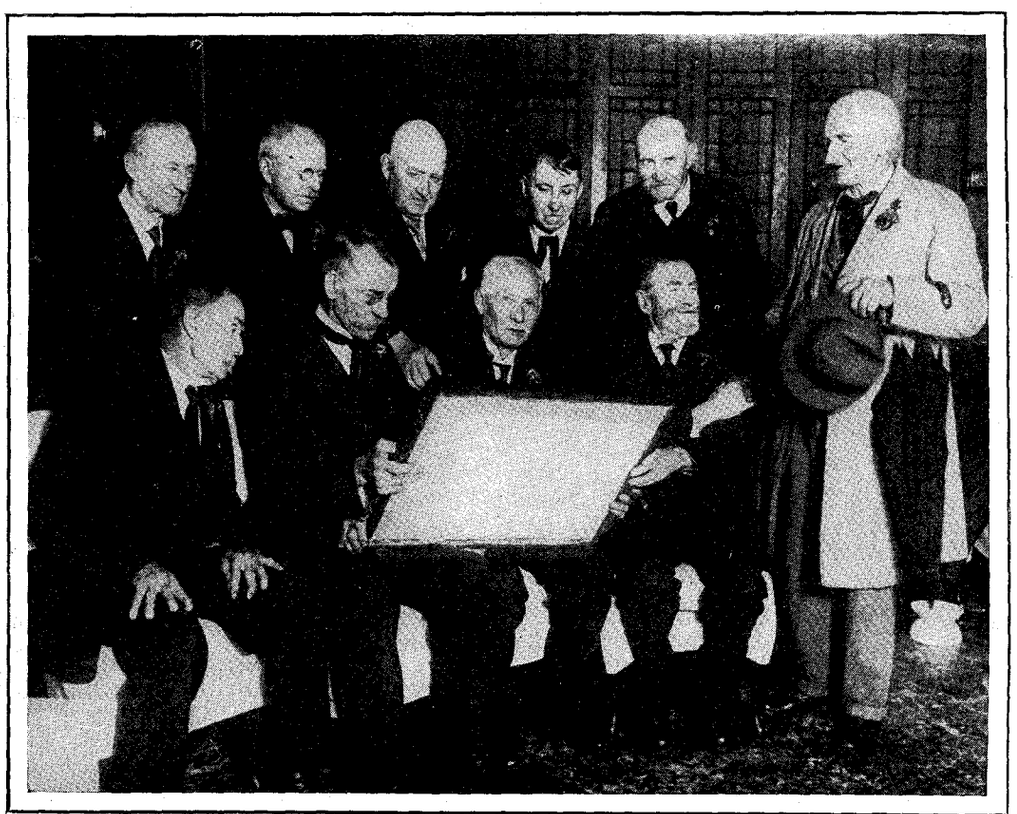

International

VETERANS OF THE GREAT FIRE AID "SAFETY FIRST WEEK" IN CHICAGO

This group of veteran fire fighters of Chicago, who aided in fighting the great fire of 1871, also aided in the Fire Prevention Drive just held. These ten men were the guests of the Chicago Retired Firemen's Association. Seated, left to right: I. M. Adler, J. C. Pazen, C. Schimmells, Nicholas Wienard. Standing: F. W. Gund, G. Teady, A. J. Calder, C. Schroeder, C. Steimagle, Thomas J. Canty

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"TURKISH DELIGHT"[1]

AS IT APPEARS TO AN AMERICAN GIRL IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Constantinople,
November 18, 1921.

DEAR SAM: Didn't you just shriek when you heard that I had gone to Constantinople? Returned to my native land, as it were—I and my Oriental tendencies. I'd always dreamed, and this time "dreamed true." And it's a hundred times more fascinating than I ever imagined. I love it!

It happened suddenly. My brother Cleveland has lived abroad so long we thought he had forgotten he had a family; and the last two and a half years he had been in Constantinople. He cabled for me to come direct by water, and go home with him across the continent, after perhaps a year. I just *flew*, for fear he would change his mind, and sailed in ten days.

Everybody said: "Oh, but aren't you afraid? The bugs and diseases in those dreadful Eastern places!" But truly, I never saw one really objectionable bug! Only cockroaches; but what are they to an ex-Greenwich Villager? The rest must have been there, but I simply ignored them.

I left New York on a Greek steamer early in September. It took three weeks. The passengers were a rather unexciting lot—Middle-Western missionaries bound for Smyrna; a tobacco man on his sixty-fourth trip across; a sweet mother and literary daughter, who took me under their care when we stopped; a Russian girl (being, I suspect, deported from the United States) who played the piano with such passion that its strings broke.

My table companions were two nice boys going into our consular service, and Leo, a young Greek of Bolshevist tendencies. Leo was rather amusing on deck, where he could argue his very advanced views on life and letters; but he wielded a wicked toothpick at table *all* the time except when in the very act of gorging himself with everything in sight. He would look up, find me lost in wonder at him, and say, "What's the matter—you sick? You eat too few!" I afterward found that toothpicks are quite the thing in Greece, and that throughout the Near East it is a sign of appreciation and good breeding to make a great noise with your soup and coffee.

We stopped one day at Naples, and saw Vesuvius at dawn against trailing pink and purple clouds, Pompeii, and had heavenly glimpses of gardens, with the blue sea beyond, through open white-washed doors, as we tore through the streets.

Then three perfect days in Athens. We did the bazaars and the ruins and had a picnic on the Plain of Marathon, and spent most of the time at the Acropolis, just drinking it in. I know now what the phrase "immortal beauty" means.

It was a miserable, cold morning when we anchored in the Bosphorus. The famous picture—the minarets of Stamboul, the forest of masts in the Golden Horn, outlined against the gray sky—looked ghostly and dead. I shivered.

Then before any one else had thought of going ashore came my darling Clee. He took me and all my possessions. We stopped at an American destroyer on the way ashore, where I was given a warm welcome and American coffee and toast.

Have you ever seen a little paper called the "Far Seas," published by our Navy in Turkish waters? It ran from the time of the Crimean evacuation (November, 1920) until now, but I hear that it is being threatened by the present Economy Wave in Washington. It is a healthy and interesting thing in a place which is too interesting but not at all healthy for the grown-up children that are our sailors.

Going ashore, the beautiful, ghostly picture of Constantinople vanishes. One plunges into a vortex of fighting, shouting people, either bullying or cringing, pushing you off the narrow sidewalks unless you have a cane and push them first. Raucous voices of street peddlers deafen you. Whining beggar women with borrowed babies pull at your sleeve and tell you how beautiful you are and pinch the baby to make it cry. Hideously deformed creatures crawl along under your feet. Allied officers, haughty and immaculate, tear through the streets in motors, and the Turkish traffic policeman draws up at salute, then jumps to get out of the way. There are new Turkish ladies with painted eyes and lips displayed to the world below a thrown-back veil; old-fashioned ones with the *charchaf* down (but very thin, if they are pretty); Greek girls with thick ankles; starving Russians with hopeless dull eyes selling paper flowers or pitiful little dusty cakes; a camel train lurching down the street; a *hamal*, or human express wagon, carrying a piano on his back; spahis (French Moroccans) striding, tall and handsome in turbans and red-lined cloaks; fat sleepy Turks sitting in café windows all day long, smoking narghilehs and drinking endless cups of coffee. Dirt, disorder, and poverty everywhere. Fairy-tale palaces, falling in ruins. Refugees without a roof over their heads. This is hardly the romantic, languorous life, with its undercurrent of tragedy, of Pierre Loti's tales, of our imaginings. The tragedy is nakedly apparent. The "Sick Man" is dead, and little pieces of him are being devoured by all sorts of parasites. It is life spread out on the dissecting table that you may see in Turkey now. I have nothing to do but watch it, study it from the inside, meeting Turks, Russians, Greeks, Armenians, as well as the British, French, and Italian Forces of Occupation, socially. Living in a hotel and keeping house in my own apartment give different angles on life.

Of course Clee knew everybody, and very soon I did. I went to the Pera Palace at first. That is one of the two good hotels. I slept in linen sheets, had breakfasts in bed, shoes shined, bath water drawn, without so much as lifting a finger. But private baths are unknown, and the public conveniences are places to shut your eyes and nose in. You pay fifty piasters (thirty-five cents) for a bath, and if there are too many mad English or Americans staying there, who *will* bathe every day, you must make an appointment, hours ahead of time, and then have to threaten to leave, before you get it. Water is very precious.

I registered of course as "Miss," but neither the proprietor nor any one else there ever called me anything but Madame. When Clee would bring me home from a party, the porter would avert his eyes and smile discreetly as we said good-night. Old ladies would beam upon us and whisper, "*Nouveaux mariées! Comme ils sont contents!*" I *must* be either a bride or a sweetheart. Attractive young men simply *do not* wander about the East with their sisters. It isn't done!

The first feeling you get is of a confusion of nationalities that never can agree because of different religions, ignorance, corrupt government (until the British took things in hand). There is no census kept; you can have a dozen children, or get sick of it all and drop into the Bosphorus, and probably never be noticed. The newspapers are miserable affairs with no real news in them, if the British organ, the "Orient News," is any standard. Constantinople is a perfect Babel of different languages. I am now living with my brother in an apartment. Our household staff consists of Anna, a dear motherly German-Serb, who speaks every known language except English and Chinese; Rosa, the Armenian scrubwoman, "nothing but an animal," according to Anna; old one-eyed Mehmed, a Turkish patriarch over whom I stumble in the hall mornings as he sits on the floor cleaning our shoes; he has a deadly fear of Rosa, who could "put an evil eye on him" if she got angry. Our landlord, a Spanish Jew, keeps a room for himself on the outer hall, where he scurries in and out like a rabbit. He gives himself a thorough wash once a week, when he is going to call on his Russian sweetheart, and invariably leaves the water running and floods the whole place.

It seems to me that there must always be one strong power to hold this mélange together. The Turks are too indolent and too weak. The English have cleaned up the city considerably,

[1] This will be followed by another letter from Constantinople in an early issue.

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they say. What must it have been before they came! Its picturesque dirt and rags must have been too highly flavored even for my romantic imagination!

The famous street dogs are gone; some years ago they became too numerous and were put on a barren island in the Marmora to eat each other and gradually die. Of course a Turk could not actually kill one himself! One day, looking out of my window, I saw a dog lying on the sidewalk below, surrounded by a group of Turks. One held its head, another ran for water, the rest looked on with expressions of solicitude. I thought, "These people have hearts, after all! Nobody anywhere could be kinder to a sick animal!" Suddenly the dog stiffened, died—the crowd melted. The dead dog lay there, walked over unnoticed, until a street-cleaner finally swept him up. If it had been a man, it would have been the same. I saw a Russian lying dead on the street one morning. Nobody paid any particular attention. Human life is very cheap out here.

To a resident on the spot Turk, Armenian, Greek, Jew, are all rascals and barbarians according to our code of living; the Turk perhaps appears a shade more civilized. He is a poor business man, and is rather more honest than the rest. An American business man here told me that he would take the word of a Turk any time in preference to that of a Greek or an Armenian. And the Jews are completely outclassed. There is an old Levantine proverb, "It takes three Jews to cheat a Greek, and three Greeks to cheat an Armenian." The Turk is an agreeable rascal, anyway. I was very much amused by an experience that I had with a charming young Turk, Osman Bey. Osman belonged to a very aristocratic family, had lived for some years in America, and was married to a pretty American girl. I had often visited their house in Stamboul, and they had called on us. I was selling tickets for a Russian Relief tea-dance at our Embassy, and called to sell some to the Osman Beys. He said that charity was a corner-stone of the Mohammedan faith. He was very glad to help the suffering Russians, although he did think that the Americans might consider that the Turks, too, had their refugees in the city—26,000 of them, starving quietly and with dignity, and nobody was making any fuss over them! At any rate, he bought some tickets, and gave me a check. When presented for payment, it was returned marked, "No Funds." I have seen Osman several times since. His manners are beautiful; always agreeable and entertaining. Very curious people!

Some tourists in Athens asked me if it really was safe to go to Constantinople now. They had heard all sorts of things. It certainly is. An American, I believe, is the most popular person anywhere in the Near East at present. Everybody else has an ax to grind. After long doubting they've begun to believe that we haven't. They laugh at our simplicity, but love us. I can walk into any shop and take home anything I like, without money or guaranty. The shopkeepers urge me to. I did not understand at first. "But you are an *American!*" They will send rugs on approval, to try as long as we like.

Of course we don't have to trust entirely to their love. We have six destroyers now in the Bosphorus, under command of Admiral Bristol, our High Commissioner to Turkey. Our destroyers protect American interests here, on the Black Sea, and down along the coast of Asia Minor.

Admiral and Mrs. Bristol are absolutely perfect for their position. The Embassy is "my home" while here, as the Admiral says, so I see a great deal of them. He is very handsome, and has an eye that looks straight through you. Every one adores him. Under him, our Embassy has become the friendliest spot in Constantinople—a meeting-place for all nationalities. The Admiral can dance or play bridge all night, and be at the breakfast table at eight, go through the daily papers, have a French lesson, and be at his desk at nine. And his aides are expected to do the same. Mrs. Bristol is just as energetic. She is also beautiful, and talented socially; just the mistress for an Embassy. She is the heart and soul of the Disaster Relief Committee, formed at the time of the Crimean evacuation, which is tireless in its efforts for the helpless Russians—some 35,000 of them, stranded in Constantinople because no other country will have them.

There must be about four hundred Americans in Constantinople—the Embassy, Consulate, and Navy; the American College people; the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.; Near East Relief; the Standard Oil and Tobacco people. There are no theaters; one or two respectable restaurants. The Russians have brought good music, but most of the entertaining begins at the Embassies. In spite of the fact that ours is small, that Congress allows practically no funds for entertaining (one must pay for the privilege of being an American diplomat), ours is the gayest of all.

The British Embassy affairs are a bit stiff. The French and Italians only have a few big balls during a season. They are poor, and do not go to parties (excepting at the Embassies) because they cannot return them.

It's a delirious life for a British or American girl. *Thousands* of British officers (the most handsome creatures on earth—so slim and straight, and just poured into their uniforms); fiery Italians and French; the mad, impulsive, pathetic Russians; all lonely for women of their own class to talk to, all new and strange and exciting. Our own Navy admire the beautiful Russians, just take a brotherly interest in us. Our Near East Relief girls are marrying the British officers at an alarming rate. One girl—a new arrival—was asked what impressed her the most about Constantinople. "Being cut in on twelve times during one dance," was the candid reply. You can imagine what a good time I have, being the only unmarried American woman, outside of the relief organizations. It will be hard to come down to earth when I get home.

Every meal is a party. This is an average day: Breakfast in bed, at ten. Ready for lunch at one. Clee doesn't come home at noon, but I am never alone. Probably lunch at the Muscovite, with a party of from two to eight, until 3:30. You, like almost any other good American, will turn a bright green when I tell you what we would have for an average little luncheon party. Cocktails first. Then vodka with the caviare; white wine with the fish; Burgundy with a pheasant; champagne with the dessert; coffee and a liqueur; and whisky-sodas to taste the rest of the afternoon. Thus strengthened, one dresses for tea. If it is a tea-dance, it lasts from five to eight. But any missing brother or husband may be found at the "cocktail hour"—from six to eight—at the Constantinople Club, enjoying a little bridge or the latest rumor. Around 9:30 dinner begins; and is served in a leisurely fashion until midnight. Then we wonder what we will do this evening. Perhaps there is a dance somewhere; if not, bridge; or Rector's (a dancing club, with American music); or Maxim's (a wilder place, but everybody goes), kept by an American Negro with a titled Russian wife. And so, home and to bed, just before dawn.

Motherly old Anna gets utterly worn out with us once in a while. She says we will die. Last night she said she was going to get a big string and tie me to my bed for twenty-four hours. I told her I had every intention of going to bed at sunset to-night. She said, "*Non—non. Après le dîner, quelqu'un vient—heidi! heidi! vite! vite!*" "*Heidi*" being Turkish for "go."

It sounds like an utterly useless existence—and of course it would pall after a while. But it's the people that I meet that make it worth while; people who know so much, and yet don't take life so solemnly as it's taken in America. To know people who will be figures in history: General Wrangel; Sir Horace Rumbold, British High Commissioner; Sir Charles Harington, Commander-in-Chief of British Forces here; Baron Uchida, Japanese High Commissioner; members of the reigning Turkish house; Mr. Thomas, a vice-president of the Standard Oil, representing Standard Oil interests in Europe, and a very powerful influence during the war. To see these people at play; I'm just absorbing it like a sponge. Has any girl ever had a happier life than I? Why should I be so lucky?

More, later. Must run and dress now for a party. I'll tell you all about it, and about some of these fascinating people, in my next. As always,

FRANCES.

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THE PENDLETON ROUND-UP

A CLASSIC OF AMERICAN SPORT

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

"ARE you going to the series?" A friend asked me that just after my return from a month's jaunt to the Pacific coast.

"What series?" I asked.

"The World's Series, of course," he replied. "The baseball championship."

"Probably. . . . But I have just seen the settling of another World's Championship that makes the Polo Grounds show look like a censored classic."

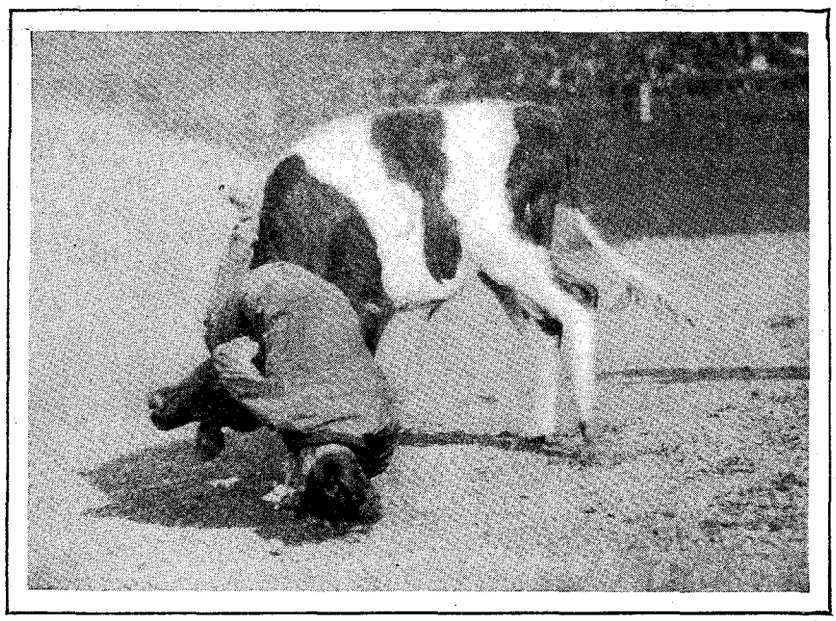
Which of course was saying a good deal, but at least it focused the attention of my baseball-enthusiast friend, to whom forthwith was told the story of another really great epic of American sportsmanship, the Round-Up at Pendleton, Oregon—a superspectacular championship of which he, like many another Easterner, had never even heard.

Each year there are a number of these rodeos, or round-ups, throughout the West, perhaps the most notable of them being held at Pendleton, Oregon. Thither, with a group of Nationally known authors, I went this autumn. Our itinerant writers, who ranged from Frederick O'Brien and "Dr. Walter E. Traprock" of rather dissimilar South Sea fame, to Wallace Irwin and Charles Hanson Towne, were inevitably forthwith dubbed the "rough writers." In honor of the literary visitors the slogan of the Pendleton show, which normally is "Let 'Er Buck," was paraphrased to "Let 'Er Book."

The Round-Up is a great deal more than a merely "Wild West show." It is wild and Western enough and reminiscent of the picturesque past. But it is much more than an exhibition. It is a competition. It is a pennant race in which America's best horsemen and most competent cowboys compete.

Pendleton itself is a prosperous town in the heart of the wheat and cattle country of eastern Oregon. Normally, I suppose, its population is some fifteen thousand. But during the three days of the Round-Up, when it is the focus of interest for most of the Pacific Northwest and an increasing number of Eastern seeing-America-first-ers, it expands miraculously to thrice that size. Well over thirty thousand enthusiasts paid admission on the last day of this year's show. Which at that compares pretty well with a Polo Grounds attendance, especially considering that Pendleton is some three thousand miles from Eastern population centers and that the whole State of Oregon hasn't as many people as Brooklyn.

Consider, then, a frontier town—albeit a modern one with paved streets, porcelain tubs, elevators, and all the metropolitan trimmings—entirely turned over for three hectic days to the show, which the town itself owns and conducts, not for profit but for the downright glamour of it and the glory of the West that was and is. Cowboy clothes are the order of the day—woolly "chaps," swashbuckling spurs clinking from leather boots, broad-rimmed Stetsons, gay-colored silk shirts and scarfs, and, above all, gaudy vests hued like unto the aurora borealis.



"THE GREATEST WRESTLING IN THE WORLD"

"Assuredly," as Charles Hanson Towne punned it, "here is where the vest begins."

There is a saying, epitomizing generosity, that one "would give you his shirt." Just that happened in Pendleton, for our hosts at once insisted that we exchange our becollared drab affairs for their own giddy silk creations. In celebration of which hospitable transfer Wallace Irwin perpetrated a song that forthwith became the popular Round-Up hit and doubtless by now echoes merrily throughout cowland, to the tune of "Tourelay:"

When I was in Oregon scratching the dirt,
I met a young cowboy who gave me his shirt.
The shirt it was silk, and the shirt it was red,
So I held out my hand and these fine words I said:
"Cowboy, O Cowboy, I hope you do well,
You're a good-natured, bulldogging son of a swell."
So I put on the shirt, and I tucked in the tail,
And beat it back East on the Oregon Trail.

The show itself is staged on a quarter-mile track and in an arena at its center, the whole surrounded by bleachers and grand stands. There is, of course, racing of all kinds—bareback, pony express (where the riders shift the saddle from one horse to another at each change), Indian squaw, and, most picturesque of all, the wild-horse race, which last is an unexampled epic of concentrated excitement. A score of absolutely unbroken horses—animals who have felt neither bridle nor saddle—snorting, raging, are turned into the track. At a signal a group of mounted cowboys go after them, each ultimately roping one. Then, in a welter of wild-eyed, fighting, biting, rolling, bucking creatures, the rider and his assistant somehow contrive to get a bandage over the horse's eyes, which, after frantic struggles, quiets him enough to make saddling possible. Then off with the eye bandages and on with the race—and often enough, off with the rider! Remember, no horse ever has been ridden. Their one interest is to get rid of saddle and rider. They have no intention whatever of going around the track. Instead they buck and "sunfish," actually roll over on the ground, and generally mill around like four-footed demons gone mad.

A wonderfully unforgetable sight is that concentrated inferno of insane horseflesh and roistering fearless manflesh. This year, just to see a lean buckaroo named Punch Guyette ride the bereft cayuse which luck wished on him—ride him right side up and upside down, horse and rider somehow somersaulting quite completely, with Punch remaining in the saddle, all with a whoop and a laugh, was in itself quite worth the trip from New York.

And that wild-horse race was, of

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course, only a detail, a sort of curtain-raiser, a tasty appetizer for the big events. The contests for bucking, bulldogging, and roping are the top-line attractions. And working up to the championship decisions of the last day are a welter of hair-raising elimination trials, so that the fifty or so riders are put through their paces, under all sorts of circumstances, and the crowd is fairly saturated with a veritable saturnalia of exciting sights.

Those Round-Up names mean little to us back here. Suffice to say that Yakima Canutt (who this year rode third in the bucking) is a Babe Ruth of cowland. Howard Tegland, world champion, and Ray Bell—who wears a neat white collar even when astride twelve hundred pounds of horse-hided insanity—are every bit as well known out there as Dempsey and, say, Harold Bell Wright; while the Western reputations of marvelous women riders like Mabel Strickland and Bonnie McCarroll rank right up with Mary Pickford and Elsie Ferguson.

The bucking horses which supply the motive power, so to speak, for the riding contests are the pick of the untamable "bad" animals of all the West. Their names become historic. There are "Lena" (no lady, she!), "U-tell-Em," "Bill McAdoo," "Wiggles," "Angel," and others. This year two especially bad-mannered beasts were christened "Doc Traprock" and "George Putnam." Neither, we regret to state, succeeded in unseating his rider!

The matter of getting the saddle on a "bad horse" is a problem in itself, solved by the "wranglers." Ultimately the rider gets aboard, but not necessarily for long, for those horses know every trick imaginable likely to encourage an immediate divorce between themselves and the unwelcome stranger perched upon their hurricane deck. Be the horse a trained bucker or an outlaw, he can be counted upon for all sorts of gymnastics, ranging from the "side wind" and "sunfish" and "weave" to the straight buck and the high dive, not to mention the pleasant trick of rearing and falling back on the rider.

They ride with only a halter, no reins or bridle being used. And they must ride with style—ride "slick"—that is, straight up, with a close seat, and "no daylight showing." And really to impress the judges the rider must "rake" the shoulders and rump of his horse with his blunted spurs, and "fan" the animal at every jump, swinging his hat with a full arm sweep. And, above all, he must not "pull leather" or touch the saddle with either hand.

And then the roping. That means to ride after a wild Texas long-horn steer, get a lasso around his horns, throw him, and "hogtie" him by fastening his four feet together while the cow-pony at the other end of the rope holds the steer helpless on the ground. And it must all be done under two minutes.

But, from the standpoint of individual muscular prowess and sheer human grit, "bulldogging" is the showiest event of all. The steer is driven out of a chute, and he emerges much as a limited mail train comes out of a tunnel. They give him about thirty feet start, and then the man starts after him on a horse running like a scared jack-rabbit. The horse draws alongside and the man leans over, hooks an arm around the steer's horn, and slides from the saddle. The horse goes on, so does the steer for a few jumps, the man dragging through the dust and acting as a brake. Finally the two come to rest. Then the man reaches for the steer's nose and, clasping his hands around it with the horn between his arms, leans backward and tries to throw the animal. Sometimes the steer shakes him loose, sometimes it whirls and tosses him, but we have seen a man bring down an animal in seventeen seconds from the time he started after him. They call it bulldogging, but it's the greatest wrestling in the world.

And let this be clear: there is no cruelty to animals. The broken bones—and necks too—are the lot of the two-legged contestants. Not an animal this year was injured. It is the men and the women who take the big risks and get the real hurts.

"Let 'er buck!"

"Ride 'em, cowboy!"

Those cries of the Round-Up echo still in our ears, and the memory of all that goes with them is a magnet that inevitably will draw us again westward to this courageous competition—an epic of sportsmanship so essentially American.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM TO WORK

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

This is the fourth of a series of letters from the Middle West written by Senator Davenport in an interpretation of economic and political movements in that section of the United States. Kansas thinks she has a remedy for strikes in essential industries. Senator Davenport comments on the good and bad effects of the political experiment, so far as they appear to the people of the Middle West up to the present time.—THE EDITORS.

"HENRY and me," Governor Allen of Kansas and William Allen White, the famous editor and publicist of the same State, have given dramatic publicity to the Industrial Court experiment in the famous sunflower commonwealth. Henry is at the moment haling Bill before the high courts of the State to determine whether Bill's theory of free speech under the law is or is not sound. We all have a right to speak of these fine personalities in this undeferential manner, because that is the way they do it in Kansas, and Henry and Bill do it themselves. Their recent legal controversy has undoubtedly ruffled their nervous systems, but it doesn't appear to have shattered their friendship.

As I understand it, it all came about over the railway strike. Bill is an instinctive and militant idealist and lives in Emporia. Emporia is a railway shop town on the Santa Fé. The shopmen there are neither aliens nor seditionists nor men who love violence or anything of the sort. They are just plain Americans whose children are in the high school and who sit on the school board and are generally a part of the backbone of a very democratic community. Bill is universally respected in the highest degree in his home community, as he is by everybody in America who knows him and his influence for the right. When the strike started, he got in touch with the shopmen in the town and was a sort of guide, philosopher, and friend. He was anxious for them to pull through without violence of any kind. He expressed fifty per cent of sympathy for them. He said it was a good cause because living conditions had not reached the point where wages should have come down, but it was a bad strike because it was likely to inflict a heavy loss upon the farmers of Kansas and the West. But he was willing to go with them fifty-fifty, and he wanted them to be men of peace.

In an important railway shop town the shopmen are apt to be a very dominating part of the population. In time of strike the merchants carry them on credit, and it is to the advantage of the merchants in the long run to display a kindly bias toward the men who have temporarily left their jobs. One of the methods adopted at Emporia of exhibiting kindly feeling was the posting of placards in the windows of the merchants expressing a hundred per cent sympathy with the strikers. Bill came down to the "Gazette" office one morning and he passed the placards on every block. When he got to his desk, he said to one of the boys, "Go out and get me one of those posters." Bill marked out the one hundred per cent and put forty-nine per cent just below it and hung the

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poster in the window. He announced that he would raise his sympathy one per cent a day as long as the men kept the peace.

And here is where Henry comes in. The Governor for a year or two has been conducting a difficult laboratory experiment in compulsory arbitration of disputes in the essential industries gener ally in the State. The new Industrial Court Law forbids picketing altogether in case of a strike on an essential industry. A railway is an essential industry, and the recent strike was putting the new law to a new test in the State of Kansas. In many of the shop towns, what the Governor believed to be subtle forms of picketing were resorted to. Merchants, at the behest of strike committees and strike sympathizers, were refusing to sell the necessities of life to the strike-breakers. One hardware dealer told a detachment of the State police that he thought it inadvisable to sell them metal watering-troughs for their horses. The Industrial Court said this was a form of intimidative picketing and forbade it. Then in various shop towns the placard in the window of the merchant was resorted to. "We are one hundred per cent against the strike-breakers," and the Court forbade this as intimidative picketing. Then came the friendly placard such as appeared in Emporia, expressing one hundred per cent sympathy for the strikers. This also the Governor and the Court put under the ban, as the last step in a conspiracy, as they viewed it, to make the drastic picketing provisions of the new law of none effect.

And thus arose the clash between freedom of speech and the freedom to work, between Henry and Bill. Henry said to Bill: "You must take that placard out of your window. You are joining in a conspiracy, and your luster as a citizen only adds to the menace of it." Bill said: "All right. You bring action against me in the courts, and we will see if you can drive free speech so far into a corner in the State of Kansas; and in the meantime I will take the placard out of the window and ask every other merchant in the State to do likewise."

You see, it may be quite possible that legally and practically Henry is right, and at the same time that instinctively Bill is right. The question of how far we should go in a country like ours, even in essential industries, in suppressing freedom of speech and all picketing is a delicate one, and nobody contends that a thoroughly wise statute has as yet been framed in Kansas or anywhere else in the country. A measurably perfect statute we shall no doubt grow into, as they have in England, and perhaps we shall get a better one than in England. In the meantime these instinctive flashes of good red-hot American indignation against what may have the look of oppression or suppression are not by any manner of means altogether unhealthy. There is room for Bill on the planet as well as for Henry.

It was the same resurgence of the American sense of right which arose in many parts of the country at the late Daugherty injunction. It was not that men objected to the use of the injunction in some phases of labor dispute, although many felt that the criminal phase could better be dealt with by other process; but it was because of the drastic and seemingly unnecessary lengths to which the phraseology of the injunction seemed to reach. It seemed to a great number to be a touch of Russia and Prussia which boded no good for industrial America. It will not do for men who wish wisely to defend both property and public right to go to such lengths in the suppression of a rational freedom that they may furnish both example and incentive to a more radical dominant class some day to go and do likewise against property and the general welfare. Such practice is not good public training for the growing mass of workers of any land. As Bill White puts it, "I've got all the freedom of speech I want. But I would like to see this country grow into so clear a sense of what is right and just that my children and my children's children will have all the freedom of speech *they* want."

It yet remains to be seen whether Davies Warfield, the enlightened President of the Seaboard Airline, with his human strategy and his able spirit of fairness and conciliation, has not done more to break the railway strike than the Daugherty injunction. And it is the Warfield method which has in it promise of a permanent settlement. Far be it from me to decry the use of force to the limit by Government when the general welfare is gravely threatened, but force which is not rooted in wisdom and justice is only the opposite pole of anarchy. And I think we need to remember that as long as the essential industries remain at least semi-private, and have in them still the element of purely private management and profit, and sometimes very serious evils of such management, it is especially incumbent upon Government to recognize those evils and clear them away, because compulsory arbitration or injunction which leaves a bad *status quo* in the essential industry is not a permanent remedy at all. Permanent stabilization of essential industries should, save in exceedingly exceptional cases, precede the discussion of a permanent programme for the compulsory settlement of strikes and follow hard upon compulsory settlement in the exceptional cases. This stabilization will be opposed by narrow-minded operators and managers, on the one hand, and by narrow-minded labor leaders, on the other, but there is no peace until it is done.

To return finally to Kansas and the Industrial Court. I think Governor Allen is entitled to great credit for making the experiment. As a matter of fact, contrary to much prevalent opinion, the Court has done some admirable things. My information is that if the law were put to referendum in Kansas, probably two-thirds to three-fourths of the State would vote to retain it. The Court has put some men in jail, but it has been reasonably fair. And its decisions on the side of labor have been numerous and noteworthy. It has not been a capitalistic court. The impression that it has seems to have grown partly out of misrepresentation and partly out of the somewhat belligerent attitude of the Governor toward the labor leaders in his addresses before Chambers of Commerce and other such bodies. The Governor is a born fighter, one of the best in the country, and the labor leaders have hit his idea hard. And he has struck back in like manner. But this has not been the temper of the Court. As a matter of fact, the fiercest opposition to the Court seems now to come from the group of employers in Kansas known as the Associated Industries, who by propaganda and lawsuit are doing everything possible to break its morale and reputation and get rid of it.

A great deal can be learned for the whole country by experimenting with the idea in Kansas. I am not at all sure that compulsory arbitration of disputes even in essential industries will be widely successful until pretty close to the industrial millennium. The experience of Australia with compulsory arbitration in businesses affected with a public interest is not very hopeful. The penalty falls down. Just as you cannot indict a whole people, so the State will always have great difficulty in putting, it may be, several hundred thousand workers into jail because in a crisis they failed to obey the law. And in Australia the daily struggle before the courts of the two classes in interest seems to have strengthened class consciousness instead of softening it. The old natural cleavage of Conservative and Liberal in party politics seems to have vanished and in its place a dominating majority working group has established Labor Party rule. Compulsory arbitration has brought little that is reassuring in Australia.

Kansas as a State is peculiarly constituted for the experiment. It is very predominantly agricultural, and a State administration can have the farmers, who are not in love with the mine and factory laborers, anyway, right at its back. Politically in Kansas it is not an extraordinarily difficult problem. But it is a constantly worrisome problem at best and does require patience and firmness and sound sense in its outworking. During the railway strike things in Kansas have been pretty tense at times and the effect of the decisions of the Court and of the pressure of authority for law and order has often been in doubt. I suppose that is one reason why Henry felt that Bill's sudden incursion into the fray was a bit gratuitous and harassing.

I think it is a mistake for the Governor to urge the plan so vigorously upon other States, as if it were of universal application and a completed

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product. I can think of nothing more fantastic, for example, than attempting to put it into operation in the State of New York. Politically it would be incomprehensible, chiefly because public sentiment would, I think, regard it as an unfair thing to do. Take, for example, the transportation situation in New York City, with its record of enormous watering of stock, of mismanagement, of disorganization, of lack of unity. The attempt to impose compulsory arbitration and establish forcibly wages and living conditions and hours on the basis of such a *status quo* would be unthinkable. The first great job would be to do what the Governor Miller administration has done in New York, namely, to appoint a transit commission to clean up the evils of the transportation monopoly and lay the foundation upon which a policy and programme of at least conciliation and co-operation may be built up. The same thing is true, it seems to me, in many other instances of essential industries of the country.

Kansas is conducting a valuable experiment, but the time is not ripe to accept it at full value or to imitate it widely.

ROOSEVELT

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

THE breakers pound the rocks and the combers pound the sand.
Thunder echoing thunder, the white horns charge the land.
And the wind, the gaunt night-herder, wheels on his pony white
And drives his panicky cattle on through the fog and the night.

But high on the bleak, black headland the beacon flares to the sky,
And the flames like banners clap and like bugles in battle cry.
And the sparks roar to the stars, with a roaring louder than fame;
And the hearts that they strike as they fall tremble and burst into flame.

THE NEURASTHENIA-BREEDING SMILE

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

IN some of the Prussian sanitariums the consumptive patients are forbidden to cough. This measure is based on the right principle—coughing irritates the lungs and makes the disease worse. But the efforts to stifle coughing often exhaust the patient much more than would the most violent cough.

This sample of Prussian discipline comes to my mind when I am thinking about American optimism. It is at times harder to stop crying than to stop coughing. But your optimism demands that you smile even when you feel like an ocean of tears. Everybody smiles here, more frequently than in any other country I have visited, with, maybe, the exception of Japan. Yours is such a serene, cheerful smile! And yet, more and more often I see in your papers popular articles on "NEURASTHENIA, THE GREAT AMERICAN DISEASE."

I studied both your smile and your neurasthenia, till I connected them. It seems to me that the first breeds the other.

Psychologists state that it is dangerous to suppress anger, sadness, spite. It sinks down into the depths of your soul and lies there like a heavy stone. It helps forming inhibitions. At times it drives one insane.

Now, with all the blessing of American civilization, you still have lots of things to be angry about. You want to swear and cry at times like every normal human being, but—you are taught extreme reserve. Often you would frown at your capricious customer, swear at your exacting boss, stamp your feet at your lazy employee. But no, you must smile. For it was repeated to you over and over again:

"Say it with a smile."

"The voice with a smile wins."

"Hurray for optimism!"

This optimism of yours is the most remarkable sentiment I ever saw upsetting human lives. You even grow insane—optimistically. On Ward's Island, in one of the largest insane asylums in the States, there is a section called Millionaires' Ward. It is the biggest one. Its inmates consist mostly of people who failed in life. But so strong was their optimistic belief that sooner or later they would succeed that, after innumerable cheerful efforts to conquer fate and circumstances, they went insane—cheerfully.

To be sure, most of them are happy. The administration kindly furnishes offices for the most persistent of the "millionaires," in which they make their enormous business transactions, each one bringing more millions. Among these "successful business men" there is a gentleman who thinks himself a benefactor of humanity; he hands every visitor a check "according to his needs." This man looked to me a symbol of your optimism: it continues to hand to you one worthless check after another. And on each is written: One Million Hopes!

I have watched a striking example of ravages wrought by hopes on a friend of mine. She is a capable fiction writer, contributing to many a leading magazine. She often reproached me for my eternal "kicking," for being "horribly pessimistic," and believing in the strength of circumstances. She herself was optimism embodied.

Two years elapsed, as they say in novels. The business in this country went from bad to worse, contrary to the assurances of the daily cheerful editorials in your leading newspapers. Naturally, it was reflected on fiction magazines. The editors began to buy less and pay less. Things grew so dark that many brilliant free-lance writers had to go into the advertisement game, instead of following "free creation."

During these times of literary famine I cursed our fate in my most somber Slavic fashion, and waited for the worst to come, while my poor optimism-poisoned friend was daily expecting the sky to clear and success to blossom out. And here we are, with about the same material results, which are far from what we think we are worthy. I remain in my usual mental state of well-balanced pessimism, contemplating life with more or less critical look, while she is having hysterics every day and professes a desire to "end it all in the East River."

I believe it was her exaggerated optimism which brought her to despair. When you expect too much from life, the slump your hopes take is usually more or less violent. It often brings severe nervous breakdown.

Personally, however, I consider my friend's neurasthenia the lesser of two evils. If she continued to force herself into smiling much longer, she might have ended in the Millionaires' Ward.

Beware of the Millionaires' Ward. I am afraid that every one of your forced smiles is a brick added to building up insanity.

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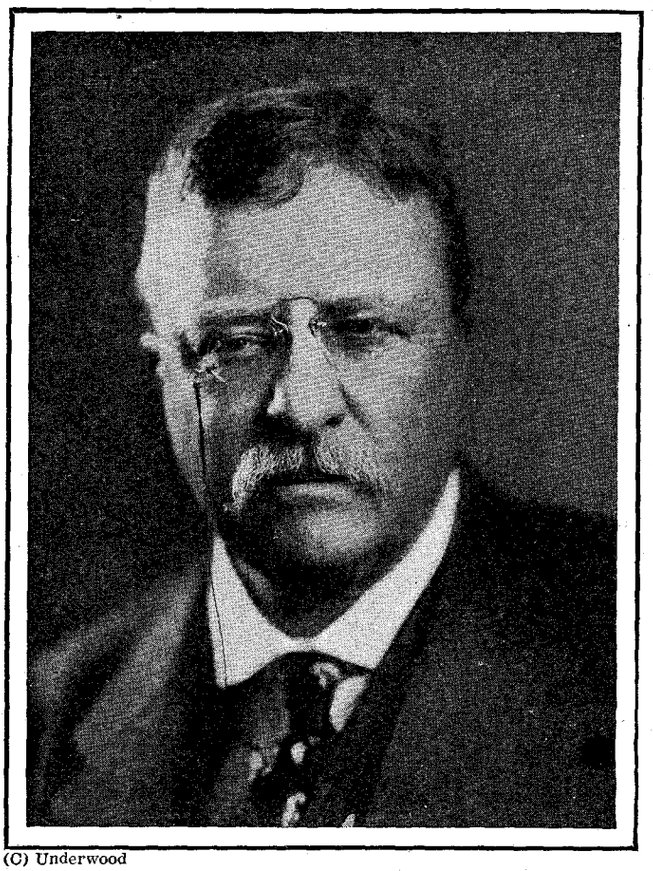
UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER VIII—EARLY RELATIONS WITH THEODORE ROOSEVELT



(C) Underwood

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"He had the quality of vitalizing things—a situation or condition coming within his executive ken became so charged with life and imagination that men wanted to put their hands and minds to it"

BEFORE I became a member of President Roosevelt's official family I was in what he termed his "kitchen cabinet." My experiences in both cabinets are among the treasured recollections of my life.

We were the unofficial advisers who met round the luncheon and dinner table and afterwards in the White House study, where the President spoke without reserve of his executive problems and read for our criticism and counsel his rough drafts of Congressional messages, speeches, and notes to foreign governments.

Holding no portfolios of state, these "kitchen cabinet ministers" yet gave of their best; were always prepared to toil to any extent to be of assistance to the President. He had the quality of vitalizing things—a situation or condition coming within his executive ken became so charged with life and imagination that men wanted to put their hands and minds to it. They served Roosevelt as energetically and loyally as if the grave responsibilities of state were upon their own shoulders.

International relations and labor arbitration were the public activities which interested me most. The President had appointed me a member of the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague to succeed the late Benjamin Harrison, and shortly thereafter in his charming manner had designated me as a member of his "kitchen cabinet." Thus there had commenced for me a memorable series of conferences.

We met usually at the White House table. The President commenced the discussions by speaking frankly of whatever problems of state were occupying his attention. In explaining he had a manner of addressing his remarks directly to the man from whom he wanted an opinion. This gave his guest the opportunity to devote the highest possible concentration to the subject while the President was speaking. An opinion, if it won his approval, was greeted with a "Good! Fine!" and he incorporated it immediately into his plans.

I never knew any one whose mind was more open to suggestions. I never knew any one who acted upon suggestions with more promptitude. Yet it was not simply impulsiveness. It was not a matter of taking the first advice that was offered, but of being quick to see and act upon the right advice.

ROOSEVELT, THE IMPULSIVE

There is much misapprehension regarding Roosevelt's so-called impulsiveness. This was evident to those who had an intimate view of the man at work. He was quick. He was a prodigious worker. He was so constituted and so self-trained that he had to do things immediately, get them out of the way. What people called his impulsiveness might have been more aptly termed his preparedness.

I had hundreds of opportunities to observe his methods. When he accepted an invitation to deliver an address or write an article, he would prepare it immediately, even if the occasion were two, three, or six months off. He revised considerably, showed his work freely to friends and associates for criticisms, but completed it at the earliest opportunity. He never waited. This method served to perfect his thought and expression on a given subject. His promptness left him free for other things.

The President never seemed to be hurried, though he always worked with a wonderful driving force. He seemed never to waste any time. It was play or work, and both with his whole heart.

During his last few months in the White House, while making preparations for his African trip, for instance, he accepted the invitation to deliver his now famous address at Oxford University. The address was not to be delivered until after his return from Africa, yet immediately after accepting he began writing it, and revised and completed it before he left America. He practiced the same method with his Nobel Peace Prize address, which he delivered at Christiania. It left him free for play. He did not want to think about Oxford addresses while in Africa.

His public addresses were almost invariably the result of preparation. It was seldom that he spoke extemporaneously. The fire and animation which he imparted in the delivery of his speeches certainly conveyed no impression that they might have been carefully prepared and considered at a desk in a study. His papers were so small and inconspicuous that they did not interfere with his natural gestures. The

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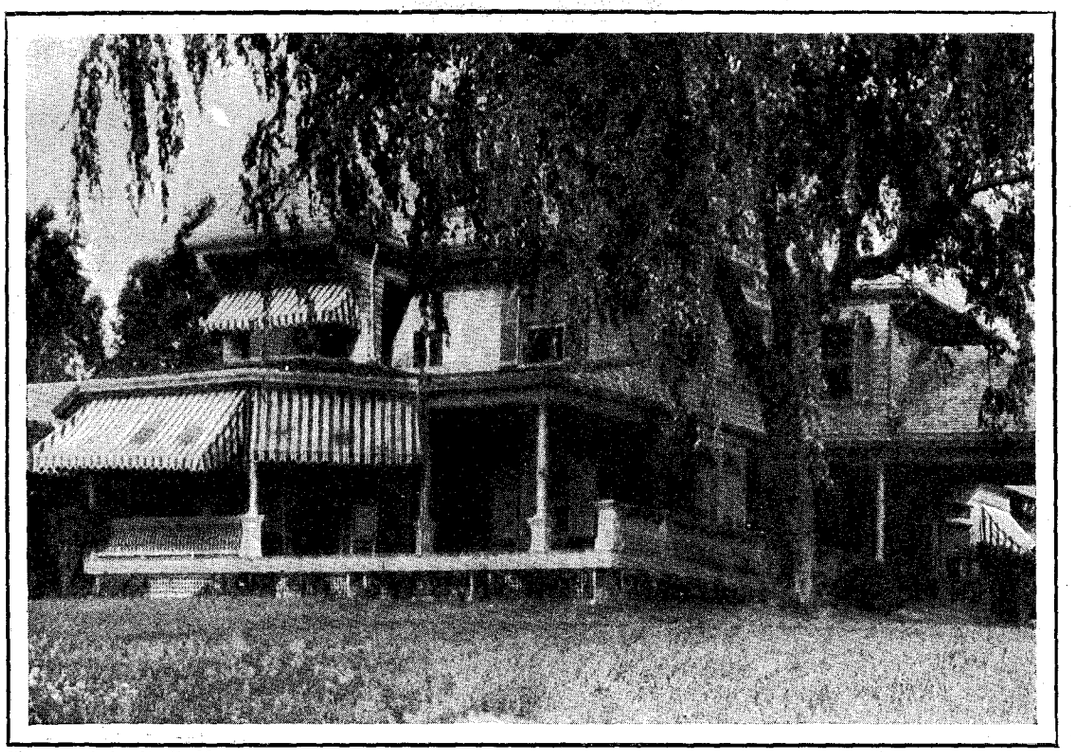

Photograph by H. H. Moore

The Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay, where Mr. Straus and other distinguished statesmen were frequently in conference with the President

effect was almost as if he spoke extemporaneously. The notes, printed on sheets about 3 x 6 inches, and held in one hand, were completely lost sight of by the audience in those moments when Colonel Roosevelt became emphatic. In those moments he also interspersed extemporaneous remarks which brought out his arguments more vividly and forcefully.

"A DIABOLICAL PLAN"

During 1902 a number of public matters brought me into frequent consultation with President Roosevelt.

When Germany, backed perfunctorily by Great Britain, sought to hold Venezuela to certain agreements by blockading her ports, which constituted an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine, Roosevelt took prompt steps to prevent it. There was a disposition on the part of Germany to ask Roosevelt to arbitrate between her and Venezuela.

Secretary of State Hay seems to have favored this plan, but I advised against it. It was better not to become involved in the muddle, especially because the machinery of the Hague Tribunal provided for just such arbitration. By the terms of that treaty the signatory Powers were morally committed to arbitration. Roosevelt took my view and succeeded in having the subject referred to the Hague Tribunal.

During the same year I was able, by reason of my previous experience in Turkey, to advise the President regarding a critical situation in the Philippines. An American soldier had been killed and several others wounded by Mohammedans in the southern Philippines. It was announced in the press that a punitive expedition of twelve hundred men was to be sent to the scene of the killing.

Negotiations which I had had with the Sultan during the McKinley Administration were instrumental in pacifying the Philippine Mohammedans after the Americans assumed control of the islands. Fearing that the good relations promoted through the agency of the Sultan might be disturbed and disrupted by a punitive expedition, I advised the President against resort to force of arms. Instead, I recommended that it would be wiser to send a commission to treat with the Moros.

Upon receipt of my letter, the President wrote me to come to Washington for a conference. I arrived after a Cabinet meeting. With the President in his study were Mr. Taft (newly appointed Governor-General of the Philippines), Adjutant-General Corbin, and Acting Secretary of War Sanger.

Again, and in fuller detail, I gave reasons why military force in this matter was inadvisable. After I stated my case, the President showed me a copy of a telegram despatched to General Chaffee the day before, instructing him to send a peaceful diplomatic mission to the Moros. As a result of the conference, Adjutant-General Corbin was directed to advise General Chaffee to use the offices of friendly *datos* to obtain the desired redress.

The investigation revealed that the disorders had been due, not to the Moros' aggressiveness, but to panic. They had seen the soldiers laying a telegraph line, which in their ignorance they had regarded as some diabolical plan to destroy them. The matter was adjusted. The slayers were surrendered and punished.

ROOSEVELT'S DIPLOMATIC STRATEGY IN REBUKING RUSSIA

The Kishineff massacres in April, 1903, shocked the civilized world. In all countries and among all faiths meetings were called to express indignation and protest. On May 28, 1903, there was a notable mass-meeting at Carnegie Hall in New York, presided over by Paul D. Cravath and addressed by ex-President Grover Cleveland, Mayor Seth Low, President Jacob G. Schurman of Cornell University, and Edward M. Shepard The meeting was called by several hundred leading New Yorkers of the Christian faith. Resolutions were adopted that the United States "should exercise such influence with the Government of Russia as the ancient and unbroken friendship between the two nations may justify to stay the spirit of persecution, to redress the injuries inflicted upon the Jews of Kishineff, and to prevent the recurrence of outbreaks such as have amazed the civilized world."

Roosevelt's diplomatic tactics in bringing the Kishineff subject to the attention of the Czar of Russia won the approval of all students of international affairs.

Members of the American Jewish fraternal order B'nai B'rith, under the leadership of their president, Leo N. Levi, presented Secretary Hay with a statement regarding the massacres, to-

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gether with a petition which they asked to be forwarded to the Government of the Czar. Secretary Hay made a speech expressing sympathy and accompanied the committee to the White House, where they presented the President with facts regarding the oppression of their coreligionists in Russia. The President made a lengthy reply, expressing the deepest interest and sympathy.

On July 8 I received a telegram from Oyster Bay, the President's summer residence, inviting me there for luncheon the following day, together with Simon Wolf, of Washington, and Mr. Levi, of the B'nai B'rith. Present also at Sagamore Hill were Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the "Review of Reviews," and his friend Morris Sheldon Amos, an Englishman. After a discussion of the question during lunch, the President suggested that a note should be sent by Secretary Hay to John W. Riddle, American Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburg, and that this note should embody the entire petition Mr. Levi and the committee had drafted. Dr. Shaw added that the embodying of the petition to the Czar, together with full publicity for the note, would have all the effects of a presentation even if he should refuse to receive it.

After lunch we went to the President's study. He said, "Now let us finish this thing up." Secretary Hay, he said, had been to see him the day before and had left a memorandum. Roosevelt took his pen and began drafting the note, incorporating part of Hay's memorandum.

The note, sent as a cable, was as follows:

Riddle
St. Petersburg.

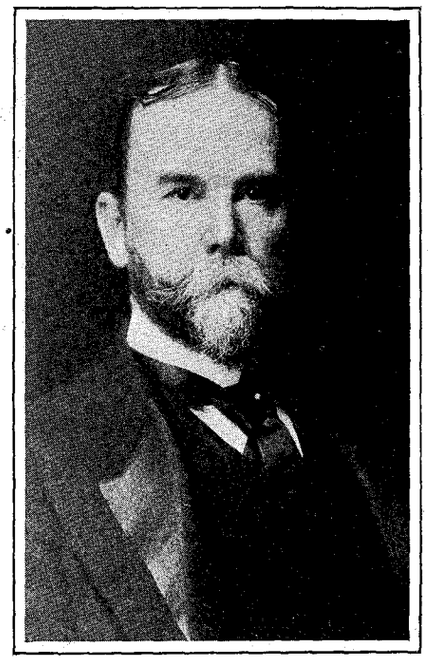
You are instructed to ask an audience of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and to make to him the following communication:

Excellency:—The Secretary of State instructs me to inform you that the President has received from a number of prominent citizens of the United States of all religious affiliations and occupying the highest positions in both public and private life a respectful petition addressed to His Majesty the Emperor relating to the condition of the Jews in Russia and running as follows:

Here the petition is set out. The note concludes as follows:

I am instructed to ask whether the petition will be received by your Excellency to be submitted to the gracious consideration of His Majesty. In that case the petition will be at once forwarded to St. Petersburg.

The President wished the cable to be sent at once and was in a hurry to have it go from Washington. He stated as one of his reasons that the late Russian Ambassador, Cassini, who had been dismissed, had gone back to Russia, and he wanted the petition to reach the Russian Government before Cassini arrived at St. Petersburg. Mr. Wolf, who lived in Washington, was asked to take the draft of the cable to Secretary Hay, but, as he could not return there that night, the President asked me if I could take it.



Brown Bros

John Hay, former Secretary of State, whom Mr. Straus provided with the "covenant running with the land" idea which Hay used effectively in the Panama dispute

At ten o'clock the next morning I placed the President's draft in Secretary Hay's hands. It was cabled immediately. Hay thought that, instead of embodying the petition in the cable, it would be better to ask first if it would be accepted, but this was precisely what the President did not want. He anticipated that the Russian Government would not accept it, and yet by making the cable public it would for all intents and purposes be a presentation, not only to the Czar, but to the entire world.

The President was right. The Minister of Foreign Affairs informed our Chargé that he could not receive it.

On July 17 Secretary Hay wrote me that, as anticipated, the Russian Government declined to receive or consider the petition. However, the purpose in view had been accomplished. The officials of the Russian Government had read the petition, and through press despatches it was known throughout the civilized world. According to subsequent reports, it had a most salutary effect in bringing about the trial and punishment of some of the leaders of the massacres, and exerted a restraining influence in other places in the Empire where similar outrages were threatened. In addition, it was another notable instance of humanitarian diplomacy.

ALASKAN BOUNDARY SHOVED DOWN

Reverting to the Sagamore Hill luncheon of the previous day, the President, Albert Shaw, and I conferred about the Alaskan boundary question after the Russian note had been drafted. The President brought forward the maps showing the disputed boundary and explained that the six commissioners, three from the United States and three from Great Britain, would investigate. He said that they were not arbiters, as he refused to sign an arbitral agreement. If they did not agree, he would take the matter into his own hands.

The whole trouble, he said, arose from the fact that the Canadians had shoved down the boundary-line after the discovery of gold.

"It is just as if a man pitches a tent on my grounds and claims the grounds," Roosevelt explained. "I want him to get off. He says he will not get off, but will arbitrate the matter."

He then turned to me and said: "Straus, you are a member of the Hague Tribunal; don't you think I am right?"

I replied: "As a member of the Hague Tribunal, I must hear what the other side has to say, and therefore must reserve judgment," and we all laughed.

"IN THE TEETH OF OPPOSITION"

After the historic anthracite coal strike of 1902, in which President Roosevelt opposed the autocratic, unreasonable attitude of the mine operators, he became the pivot in another controversy, in which he was obliged to reprimand organized labor for an unreasonable attitude. This was the Miller case. Miller was dismissed from the Government Printing Office because he did not belong to a union. Roosevelt reinstated him. This brought a protest from the American Federation of Labor.

Samuel Gompers and several members of the Federation's Executive Council appeared at the White House on September 29, 1903, and protested that Miller was a non-union man and incompetent.

This was a case that appealed to Roosevelt's innate sense of justice, and he liked to decide such questions regardless of political consequences. Miller's fitness, he told the delegation, was a matter of administrative routine that must be decided by his superiors. In no way could it be regarded as an issue for such a protest. The real issue was whether the Government should practice discrimination between union and non-union men, and on this issue the President's decision was final. The reinstatement stood. No further action would be taken.

I wrote him that his decision and statement were consonant in principle with the position he had taken in the anthracite coal strike. In answer he wrote me the following letter, which in a few lines presents clearly his determined stand to do justice to capital as well as to labor:

October 1, 1903.

White House
Washington.

My dear Mr. Straus:

I thank you heartily for your letter. When you can get on here I

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should like to tell you for your own information some of my experiences in connection with this Miller case. I feel exactly as you do—that my action was a complement to my action, for instance, in the anthracite coal strike, and that I could no more hesitate in the teeth of opposition from the labor unions in one case than I could when the opposition came from the big monied men in the other case.

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE PANAMA DISPUTE

Panama has been a subject for discussion and controversy for almost a score of years. The Panama Canal will ever be linked with Roosevelt's name. Roosevelt's handling of the Canal problem forms one of the most notable chapters in American history.

As with other problems, the President consulted members of his "kitchen cabinet." My first participation in the Panama conferences was on November 6, 1903. In the President's luncheon party, besides Mrs. Roosevelt, were Cornelius N. Bliss, former Secretary of the Interior; John Clark Davis, of the Philadelphia "Ledger;" Mr. Kohlsaat, of Chicago; Lawrence F. Abbott, of The Outlook; and the President's brother-in-law, Lieutenant-Commander Cowles.

Panama had separated from Colombia. The indications were that we were about to recognize Panama. The President in his informal way, as was his custom at luncheons, opened discussion of the situation, referring to our treaty of 1846 with New Granada, afterwards the United States of Colombia and later the Republic of Colombia. In this treaty we had guaranteed to protect the transit route. One of the questions involved was whether the treaty still held us to that obligation notwithstanding these several changes of sovereignty.

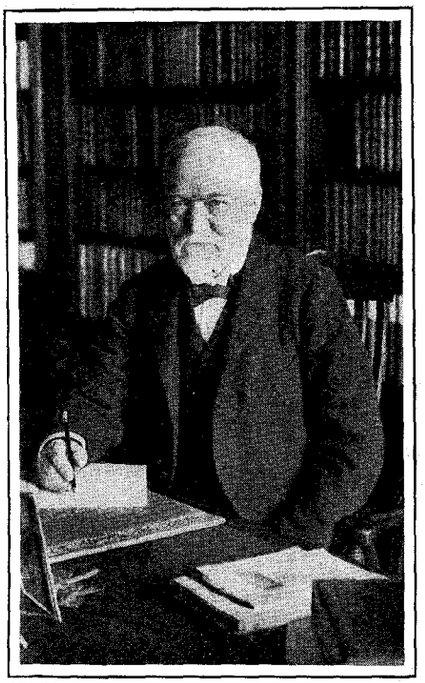
The President, in his usual manner of indicating that he expected a reply from a certain individual, addressed his remarks to me. When he finished, I suggested that the change of sovereignty, according to my reading of the treaty, did not affect either our obligations or our rights. Our guaranties I regarded in the nature of "a covenant running with the land."

"That is fine! Just the idea!" exclaimed the President. "I want you to explain that idea to Hay after lunch."

At first he was for going to the office and telephoning the Secretary. Instead, he took a correspondence card and scribbled a note to Mr. Hay, asking him to discuss my suggestion with me and work into the treaty the "covenant with the land" interpretation.

Secretary Hay, with whom I conferred at his home that evening, seized upon the idea at once, and said he would make use of it in a general statement he was preparing for the press.

The next day it was announced that the President, following a meeting of the Cabinet, had decided to recognize the *de facto* Government of Panama. I will not go into much further detail here, for the Panama Canal story is well known. Roosevelt in his Autobiography devotes considerable space to a presentation of reasons for his official actions.



(C) Underwood

Andrew Carnegie, with whom Mr. Straus was closely associated for many years in the promotion of world peace

Secretary Hay's statement said in part:

> It must not be lost sight of that this treaty is not dependent for its efficacy on the personnel of the signers or the name of the territory it affects. It is a covenant, as lawyers say, that runs with the land. The name of New Granada has passed away; its territory has been divided. But as long as the isthmus endures, the great geographical fact keeps alive the solemn compact which binds the holders of the territory to grant us freedom of transit, and binds us in return to safeguard for the isthmus and the world the exercise of that inestimable privilege.

On November 12 I received the following letter from the President:

> *My dear Mr. Straus:*
>
> Your "Covenant running with the land" idea worked admirably. I congratulate you on it.
>
> With warm regards,
>
> Sincerely yours,
> THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Viewing the situation with his expert professional eye, John Bassett Moore, the distinguished authority on international law, derived considerable entertainment from the "covenant running" feature, and wrote me a few days later as follows:

> So you had a finger in the pie! I find a great deal of amusement in reflecting on the end reached from the premise of my memorandum; and almost as much on the conclusion reached from your suggestion. Perhaps, however, it is only a question of words; that is to say, it is, indifferently, a question of the "covenant running with the land," or a question of the "covenant running 'away' with the land."

A NOTE FOR MY GRANDCHILDREN

The President took occasion later to refer publicly to my interest in international activities. In January, 1904, a number of peace societies had a conference in Washington and passed resolutions urging enactment of treaties with Great Britain and other Powers providing for formal arbitration of disputes in the event of diplomatic negotiations failing. A delegation from the conference called upon President Roosevelt. The resolutions were presented by former Congressman Henry St. George Tucker, of Virginia, after which there were a few brief remarks by Andrew Carnegie and myself. The President, in reply, expressed himself very fully upon the subject. He greeted it cordially and spoke of the good work of the peace societies; then, referring to me, he said:

> I have had from Mr. Straus aid that I cannot overestimate, for which I cannot too much express my gratitude, in so much of the diplomatic work that has arisen in this Administration—aid by suggestion, aid by actual work in helping me to carry out the suggestions; and Mr. Straus

IN THE CABINET

CHRISTMAS at the White House and social life at the "Venetian Palace" are described by Mr. Straus in next week's chapter of the Autobiography. He recounts some of his memorable experiences in Roosevelt's Cabinet, as a colleague of Messrs. Root, Garfield, Cortelyou, Taft, Bonaparte, etc. Mr. Straus, who was Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, describes the scope and work of his Department, his trip to Hawaii, his efforts in connection with the Japanese question, his idea of harmonizing human and business interests.

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was one of the two or three men who first set my mind, after I came in as President, in the direction of doing everything that could be done for the Hague Tribunal, as that seemed to be the best way to turn for arbitration.

When the President finished his remarks, we gathered around him. Mr. Carnegie meanwhile had congratulated me upon receiving such compliments, and now in speaking to the President referred again to his remarks about me. Mr. Carnegie said to the President that he suggested I should get a copy of the President's remarks to preserve for my children and grandchildren.

Roosevelt immediately turned to his secretary, William Loeb, Jr., and instructed him to send a copy of the Presidential references to me. That is how I happen to have this extract, and I trust I may be pardoned for the egotism which induces me to incorporate it here.

MAKING GERMAN SCHOOLS EDUCATIONAL

BY JOSEPH DANZIGER

VERBOTEN!

UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS ARE FORBIDDEN FROM ENTERING THESE PREMISES UNDER PENALTY OF FINE AND IMPRISONMENT

EVERY pre-revolutionary public school in Germany had a notice to this effect over its gate. Parents were the particular "unauthorized persons" whose presence was banned in the school building.

"Mothers must bear sons, for the Kaiser needs soldiers," was a dictum which even otherwise intelligent men and women repeated as though it were a truism. Parents were expected merely to provide the physical presence of children. Pastor, schoolmaster, policeman, and drill sergeant—all government employees—saw to it that youth was trained in the way it had to go. The schools were primarily intended to perpetuate established conditions and curb all progressive tendencies that might contaminate the budding intelligence.

There was a "Kultus" Ministry, in charge of education and public worship, whose chief function it was to throttle dangerous ideas in schools and churches. Heterodox opinions were jealously quarantined in the schools and universities.

It was taught and believed by high and low that republics were a failure everywhere. The Swiss were longing for annexation to the Empire, and were only being thwarted by the wicked French. A common question often raised by otherwise well-informed men was whether we of America could find no way to satisfy our national longing for a monarch. I was frequently asked whether I had completed my military service. My interlocutor would regard me with incredulous amazement when I told him that we had no compulsory military duties. How could such a thing be in a civilized state?

Such being the mental equipment of the better educated, the intellectual abasement among the masses was abysmal. In the rural schools the children of peasants and agricultural laborers were taught just enough to enable them to sign the muster rolls and decipher the numerous *verboten* notices that gladdened their lives.

In the vital statistics of Germany they were not classed as illiterates. Actually, they were less educated than the most illiterate hillbilly of Alabama. They demonstrated the truth of Josh Billings's philosophy: "It is better not to know so much than to know a great many things that ain't so."

The urban schools for the working classes were a shade better. A machinist or grocer's clerk had to know more arithmetic than a farm-hand. But in all degrees of society pupils were taught just enough to equip them for their stations in life. Labor unions maintained continuation schools for their members, and in this way a bright, ambitious young mechanic was given a chance to study history, mathematics, science, and languages. The possibility of satisfying their thirst for knowledge created many self-educated men among the unionists. Their political and economic training was entirely along Marxian lines. It is no wonder, therefore, that the German workman is class-conscious. The system made it inevitable.

Young lads of nine or ten destined to be officers were thrust into uniforms and sent to cadet schools. Their education was very one-sided, and not so high as the standards set at West Point. Its fundamental purpose was to alienate the cadet's sympathy for other classes. The latter condition was likewise true of the *Gymnasien* where the civilian boys of the middle class and aristocracy received their education. These schools prepared for the universities, and graduation from one of them was a prerequisite to serving for one year as a volunteer, instead of two or three years as a conscript. This was a very valuable privilege. The volunteer for one year did not have to live in barracks, but had private quarters like an officer and was exempt from all policing duties. Every family that could possibly afford it sent their sons to the *Gymnasien*. Pathetic stories are told of widowed mothers and their hard-working daughters making the utmost sacrifices in order to keep a son and brother in a school that would guarantee him exemption from the inhuman brutalities of the garrison. Many a German boy who failed at graduation has preferred suicide to facing the degrading manhandlings of the notorious Prussian drill sergeant.

The *Gymnasien* included nine years of Latin, six of Greek, and four of French and English. Mathematics was taught entirely by memorizing set rules. If a boy had no natural talent for mathematics, his case was hopeless so far as any practical application of the science was concerned. When properly taught, mathematics is sure to develop the logical faculties, and reason was anathema to the old system. I have watched boys above the average intelligence try to solve a problem in the third year of algebra. It was in simple equations, such as we have in about the first three months of high school or the last year of grammar school. When I tried to analyze the equation for them, they fell into utter confusion. Their analytical faculties had been deliberately atrophied.

A review of the old German school system is necessary to a correct estimate of the herculean task that faced the revolutionary reformers. One of the first acts of the revolution, even before the Constitutional Assembly was called, was to declare that all schools were free to the elective preference of all children, regardless of class. The Constitution abolished class privilege, but it could not abolish class spirit. The old system had implanted it too deep in the consciousness of the nation for the present generation to rid itself. The chief votary of class distinction was the university.

Professional men and Government officials were recruited exclusively from university graduates. *Gymnasien* teachers were likewise elected from these circles. They had all been held strictly aloof from any contact with workingmen from earliest childhood. As children, they even followed the mediæval custom of affecting a distinguishing dress to denote their classes. This alone served to segregate them in public, and under no circumstances were boys and girls of different social strata ever known to mix.

A democracy segregated into classes cannot stand, to paraphrase Lincoln. Germany is not a democracy—except on paper. It became apparent to all real democrats that the first essential to democratization was its application to the schools. *Gymnasien* and university faculties, saturated as they were with monarchistic and feudal sentiment, opposed any movement toward abolishing class distinction.

The mother of a six-year-old boy had

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to start him to school at Eastertide. According to law, he was obliged to attend the common preparatory school for the first three years, after which he could elect between the *Gymnasien* or grammar schools. The only way to avoid sending him to the common school was by showing that his health would not stand it. However, this particular boy is a superb specimen, better grown than most German boys of ten or eleven. The mother bribed a doctor to certify that the child is neurotic and needed special attention. The school physician accepted the document, although when the boy was stripped before him he could not help remarking about his perfect physique. I asked the mother why she had gone to all of that trouble instead of sending the boy to a common school.

"What! And have him associate with children of the proletariat!" she cried. "Never! I would rather keep him out of school altogether!"

She sent the child to a private school that is so overcrowded that the pupils are taught in three-hour shifts, beginning at seven in the morning and ending at 5 P.M. The last shift is compelled to work under artificial light all winter long. Parents submit to such discomforts rather than have their children "associate with the proletariat."

The school reformers put up a hard fight against such notions, and are slowly making headway. The first step was to abolish the autocratic rule of the principal. This functionary was always a man who was "right." A democrat need not apply. Under the new rules, a principal may not suspend a teacher without preferring charges. The teacher, therefore, has a chance to exercise his individuality, especially in teaching history. The perversion of history in the old German schools was, and often is now, notorious. German history particularly was confined chiefly to a list of battles and the names of the Prussian kings who fought in them or were responsible for them. Classical history was perverted from its true significance whenever the facts turned upon some fight against tyranny in ancient Rome or Greece. Although Prussia is a Protestant country, John Huss was pilloried as a scoundrelly traitor, not because of his relations to the Church, but for the real, but camouflaged, reason that he fought for the self-determination of his native Bohemia.

The severest fight for democratization turned on the question of religion in the public schools. Objections were not raised against teaching Christian doctrine. The fight was directed against the peculiar organization of the Prussian State Church, which was antagonistic to any democratic movement. Although nominally Christian, the Church was under the authority of the Kultus Minister, and actually constituted a powerful machine for sustaining the existing order. A pastor who was properly subservient to the All-Highest—not the Supreme Being in this case—was sure of some desirable appointment and a magniloquent title, such as Supreme Councilor of the Consistory.

PARADE OF BERLIN SCHOOL-CHILDREN, ARRANGED BY THE PUPILS' COUNCIL

The banners carried by the children, whose ages are from ten to fourteen, demand the abolition of whipping and the secularization of the public schools. Good order was maintained during the parade by the children's self-appointed marshals

If some honest-thinking Christian layman, incensed at the perversion of his faith to political ends, ventured to withdraw from the Church, he became a social outcast. His sons could never be appointed to any Government position nor even become reserve officiers in the army. So far as possible his business or professional career was ruined by machinations from above. Therefore only workingmen who had nothing to lose separated from the State Church, although since the revolution the desertions from its membership amount to a veritable exodus.

The Centrist or Catholic party is the chief opponent to dispensing with religious training. They favor free election or, at most, separate schools, and their influence is strong enough to put over one or the other plan.

The common-school teachers welcome the chance of teaching religion as Christ preached it and without any Hohenzollern trimmings.

I attended a meeting where this subject was up for discussion. It was testified that the masses are in favor of some kind of religious instruction. It is believed that religion is needed now more than ever as an ethical rule to supplant the policeman's broadsword, which the revolution took from him. Most of the teachers held that the instruction should be confined to Bible readings or lectures. Old Testament stories are told the smaller children, or Luther's wonderfully devout and simple translation of the Bible is read from to them. The older pupils are given instructions from the Gospels with special reference to the Saviour's teachings of brotherly love, peace, and kindness. All testified that this sort of instruction was much more suited to the imagination and conscience of children than the lessons they had been getting from the pastors of the State Church.

During a discussion as to the best answer to give to children of eight or ten in reply to questions regarding the origin of life one teacher said that he had found a satisfactory symbol in the egg. He told about a particularly inquiring mind who wanted to know how life got into the egg. "I explained that this was the great mystery of life which no sage had ever been able to understand. The child went away satisfied, and at the same time awed at having been brought face to face with the veil before the Holy of Holies."

It seemed to me as I sat among these public school teachers that they were well suited to teach the principles of Christ's doctrines. They are devoted to service and not salary. The latter is inconceivably small. Most of them were obviously poor. Their clothes were made over from field-gray uniforms. They displayed none of the pride and supercilious contempt for the common herd that characterizes university professors and pastors of the established Church. They spoke humbly and with devout earnestness of the great task that lay before them of creating a new and better nation from amid the coming generation. There were only a few who favored the exclusion of the Bible and the substitution of abstract moral lessons.

These gray-clad men are being assisted by some choice spirits from the *Gymnasien* and universities. The number of these is increasing, as pressure of public opinion enables democratic men

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and women to get appointments on the faculties of the higher institutions. Among the leading liberals are Professor Paulsen, of Hamburg, and Professor Julius Scheve, of Berlin. They have created a new type of school, the *Gemeinschafts-Schule*—freely translated "fellowship school." It is representative of the new educational idea in revolutionary Germany. Twenty-nine schools of this type have been started in Hamburg, which is a free city with autonomous government. In Prussia the schools are all under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Education, Arts, and Sciences. The old bureaucracy of the Kultus Ministry still holds forth there, and so far as possible impediments are placed in the path of progress.

In fact, this is the great weakness of the German revolution. A clean sweep should have been made of the old bureaucracy. This was not done. When I visited Wilhelmstrasse, I found the same old *Geheimrats* occupying the same old desks they occupied during and before the war. A revolution does not merely consist in overturning the throne and putting the monarch to work sawing wood. It must go down to the roots of the old system, and this is only very slowly going on in Germany.

The fellowship school is based on the fundamental idea that individuality should be developed and encouraged to express itself through democratic control. Schools of this type are governed by three branches: teachers', parents' and pupils' councils. As much autonomy is given the pupils as they can safely be trusted with. Under the old system, the principal and, through him, the teacher were irresponsible autocrats. In the new order the pupils' council is responsible for discipline in the schools, and is given a voice in the nomination of teachers for the several branches and classes. While the choice of the pupils cannot always be accepted, it serves as an excellent test for the fitness of a teacher for a given subject.

Pupils' councils have not always worked smoothly. There were strikes in some of the schools in Chemnitz (Saxony) and in an industrial suburb of Berlin. It usually developed that such disturbances were founded in protest against some reactionary teacher and reflected the child's natural sense of democracy and fair play. However, this was not invariably the case.

In Lichterfelde, a suburb of Berlin, the Government conducted a free boarding-school for former military cadets. Under the Peace Treaty this school had to be closed as a military academy. The votaries of the officers' caste protested at the proposal to place the former cadets in regular schools. Their objection that the previous training had unfitted the boys for regular schools was admitted by the authorities, and so the school was reorganized on a civilian basis.

A matron supplanted the former commandant. During some public function in the assembly hall this lady declined to stand up when the boys chose to sing "Deutschland über Alles" or "The Kaiser is a Beautiful Man," or some other patriotic ditty of the old régime. Whereupon the boys resolved to make it too hot for the matron. They visited her with every kind of covert and open insult that boys of their sort are ingenious in devising. In the course of another celebration, where her presence was required, she was greeted with catcalls and the demand that she retire. As the lady refused to do so, some of the boys attacked her with physical violence. They were merely living up to the old Prussian standard of what constituted an officer and "gentleman." About sixty of the leaders, boys of eighteen or older, were expelled. At this the militarists denounced the pusillanimity of a democratic government in breaking its promise to support these young men to maturity. The mere incident of beating a woman was no very great concern to men of their caliber. They created so great a disturbance by their vociferous agitation that it became impossible to restore discipline in the school and it was closed. This is the only case where the pupils' council idea was a total failure.

The parents' councils are chiefly advisory. It is a radically new idea to consider the opinions of parents. Most of them are at sea with regard to pedagogic measures. The teachers must encourage an active interest in the administration and urge frequent visits to the school-rooms. In this way they hope to enlighten the elders with some of the practical questions that arise and secure their aid in accomplishing further reforms.

The teachers' council legislates for the school. The principal has been deposed as an autocrat and become an executive. This removes an important obstacle to the introduction of democratic measures. The school curriculum is as elective as possible. The rudiments of education are of course insisted upon, but beyond that the pupils' natural leanings are considered. Advancement does not depend upon qualification in every branch. It is well known that a pupil may be excellent at mathematics but backward in languages. In the fellowship school such a deficiency would not militate against promotion if the pupil were otherwise fit. It is believed best to develop the mind along its natural bent. There is no use wasting a pupil's time with drawing if he has no eye for line and form, or retarding his progress in natural sciences and mathematics simply because he has no mind for grammatical construction or languages.

Manual training, nature studies, and physical culture are important departments. The labor unions do not oppose manual training the way the New York unions objected to the introduction of the Gary system. Labor leaders hold that, besides being an excellent training in itself, it inspires many middle-class children with respect for manual dexterity. Some men regard their inability to manipulate tools as a thing to be proud of. I have heard them boast that they never so much as drove a tack in the wall.

Manual training in the fellowship school is not restricted to mere routine knowledge of tools or the making of useless things. The child takes pride in creating something that is a useful part of the world he lives in. It makes him feel that he is actually participating in life instead of merely preparing for the future. Pupils are given many things to make that can be used in the class-room.

One day I chanced upon a full-page rotogravure from a New York Sunday supplement. I took it around to a school I was visiting.

"Who is this?" asked the teacher.

"Abraham Lincoln," shrilled an enthusiastic chorus.

"Who was he?"

"He freed the slaves," "He was a man of the common people," were the two facts about Lincoln that seemed to have made the strongest impression.

"What shall we do with his picture?"

"Let's frame it in oak. He was a sturdy oak," suggested a twelve-year-old.

"And carve oak leaves on it," added a more artistic lad.

"And Uncle Sam too!" piped a childish treble whose owner must have had relatives in America. "He sent my mother a big box of food last winter."

"I hardly believe Uncle Sam would like that," the teacher interposed. "But we will have the frame." Then he suggested that the boys nominate committees for securing the wood, making the designs, working up the materials, etc. The incident was concluded with a short talk on Lincoln, his obscure origin, his early struggles and final triumph. When the teacher told of his tragic death, many a childish eye glistened in sympathy. The point of it all is that the fathers of many of these boys would not have been able to distinguish a chisel from a screw-driver, and their knowledge of Lincoln would have been equally vague.

The democratizing idea back of the fellowship school is slowly permeating society. Neither parents nor pupils are concerned with the social standing of their neighbors. All are comrades in a common cause—the building of a temple of social justice in which future generations may enter. This is the vitalizing principle at the root of its growth. It cannot fail.

Speaking of future plans and prospects, Professor Scheve said: "We have no rigid theory, but a democratic foundation on which we are building. We face a situation whose spirit alone we understand and approve, but whose methods we cannot entirely foresee."

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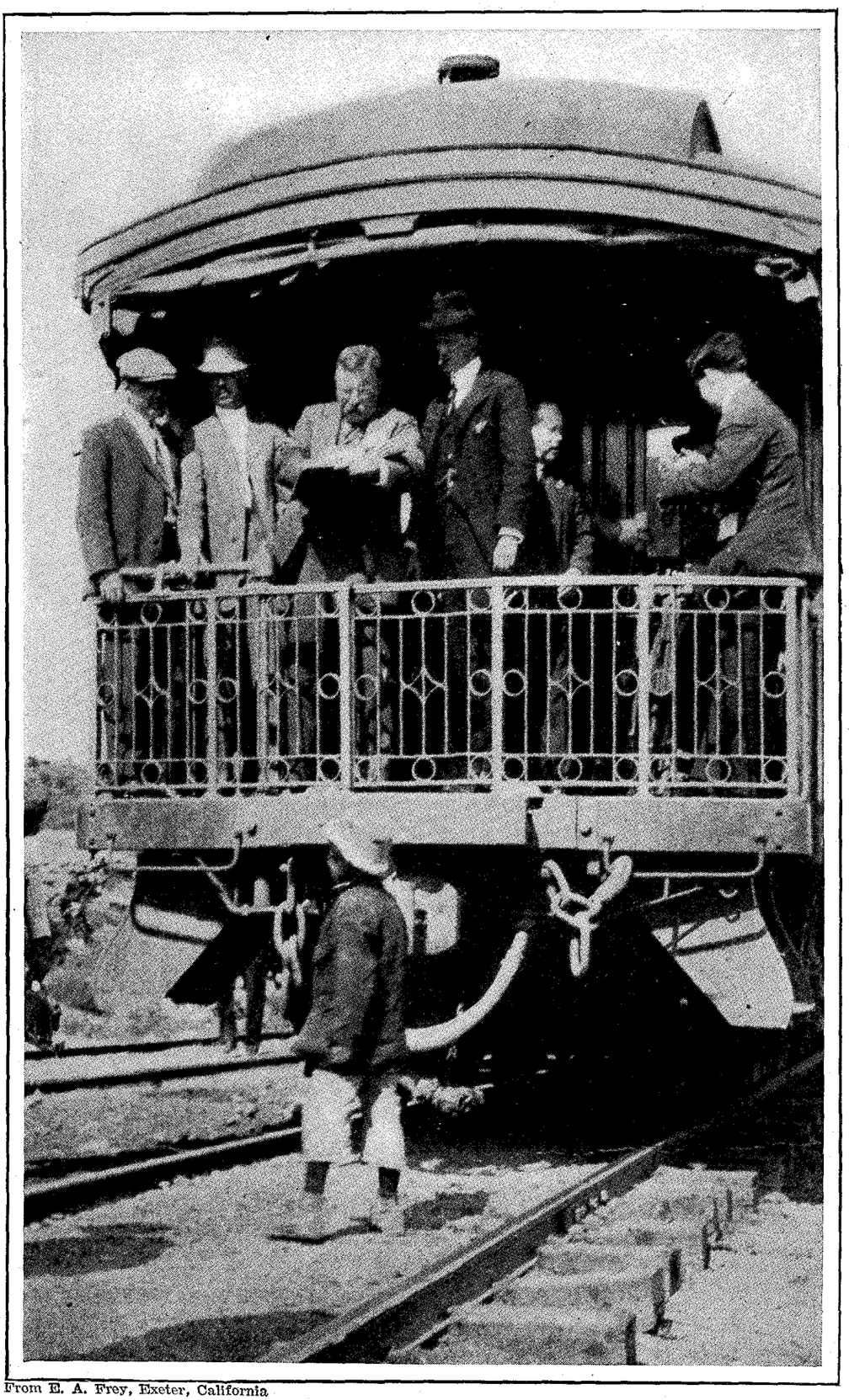
NEVER TOO BUSY FOR A FRIENDLY ACT

PICTURE FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



From E. A. Frey, Exeter, California

THEODORE ROOSEVELT ON A SPEAKING TOUR IN ARIZONA AUTOGRAPHING A BOOK FOR ONE OF HIS LEGION OF ADMIRERS

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THE BOOK TABLE

A COLYUMIST HISTORIAN

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

A CYNIC, regarding the recent agitation for more accurate writing of American history, and remembering the futility of similar movements for other ends, might well have applied to it the Horatian epigram, "*Parturient montes; nascetur ridiculus mus.*" But not even the most pessimistic of cynics would have been likely to anticipate the birth of a mouse quite so ridiculous, and withal so pernicious, as that which has actually appeared. It would, for very shame, be more agreeable to pass by in silence so gross a reproach upon American scholarship and letters were it not that fatuous friends have insisted upon touting into conspicuousness a work concerning which its author should have no desire save that for charitable oblivion, and that men of supposed discretion and authority have placed upon it the cachet of their high approval and have commended it to public confidence. The widely blazoned declaration of the publisher that it is "the one indispensable work" and "the most remarkable book of the century" may be passed by as a characteristic "blurb." But when the Children's Librarians Section of the American Library Association awards its first medal of honor to Dr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon for his "Story of Mankind"[1] as "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children" written during the year, more serious attention is prescribed.

WITH the actual work named I shall not here concern myself at length, because it purports to be a universal history, and my present theme is the history of the United States. "The Story of Mankind" has indeed been adequately disposed of by the discriminating editor of the New York "World" in reprinting it as a serial in connection with the comic supplement of his paper. It will serve the present purpose for me to cite two sample passages from that limited portion of it which relates to American history. One is his reference to the Pilgrims of Plymouth as "a sect of Puritans who were very intolerant." The other is his criticism of Emerson's "exaggeration" in writing of the first shot at Lexington as the "shot heard around the world," because "the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Russians, not to speak of the Australians and Hawaiians, never heard of it at all." In this amazing utterance he displays the lack of imagination and of humor which seems to be one of his salient characteristics. We may almost wonder that he did not say that it would have been impossible for them to hear it, because the wireless transmission of sounds, which has since reached from America to Hawaii, had not then been invented. His lack of accuracy is shown in his verbal misquoting of Emerson's famous line, and in his attributing to Lexington the poem written specifically for Concord. He also in the same place refers to the Australians and Hawaiians as having "just been rediscovered by Captain Cook, whom they killed for his trouble." Cook did not discover Hawaii until 1778, three years after Lexington and Concord, and was not killed until 1779.

MORE pertinent for consideration in connection with the demand for revision of American history is the later work which Dr. Van Loon has brought out upon the strength of his medal-adorned "Story of Mankind," and which has been widely disseminated by a newspaper syndicate as a daily serial. This is entitled "America for Little Historians;" it purports to be a children's history of the United States, and there is much talk of securing its adoption as a reading text-book in schools in place of the American histories now in use.

It will, I assume, be generally agreed, as a basis of critical consideration, that a work of history should be accurate in statements of fact, just in its judgments, and serious—not solemn—in spirit. It need not be overladen with dates and names of places, the bane of many histories; but those which it gives should be given correctly. It need not be a critical commentary upon all the incidents and processes which it records; indeed, there are those who advisedly hold that a history should be a statement of facts alone, and not of opinions; but certainly so far as it does express opinions these should at least be rational, judicious, and honest. It need not be dry and dull; indeed, it should, if possible, be vivacious, entertaining, and even touched with humor; but it should have a spirit so serious, or perhaps I should say so earnest, as to cause the reader to regard it as a veracious narrative and not as a burlesque composition. Moreover, there is the greatest need of these three qualities in a history designed for children, because they have not the knowledge and discretion necessary to protect themselves against errors which their elders would promptly detect and reject.

Now it must be said that in every one of these three essential qualities "America for Little Historians" is greatly lacking. It is replete with glaring errors as to concrete facts of record; it is profusely marked with implications and judgments which are perniciously misleading; and it frequently manifests a flippancy calculated to inspire contempt rather than respect for the history of the country, and better suited to a newspaper "colyum" or comic supplement than to an informative book of reading, reference, and study.

THE inaccuracies of statement—to describe them with courteous euphemism—are of two major kinds. There are those which are misstatements in themselves and nothing more, their errors not affecting the general purport and teaching of the narrative, and which are presumably due to mere ignorance or carelessness; and there are those which, whatever their source or cause, almost inevitably lead to a misunderstanding or misconstruction of historical forces or tendencies far beyond their own literal limits. To cite a few samples of the former class:

"The West Indian Company . . . bought the island of Manhattan from the Indian tribe . . . and built a fortress called Fort Orange. This was in the year 1621. . . . It made New Amsterdam (the town which had grown up around Fort Orange) a hustling little city." Here are three glaring errors. Fort Orange was not built on Manhattan Island, but at what is now the city of Albany, a hundred and fifty miles away; and it was built, not in 1621, but in 1623 and 1624; and Manhattan Island was purchased and New Amsterdam was founded, not in 1621, but in 1626.

After an account of Howe's capture of Fort Washington and his advance upon Fort Lee, we are told:

"When he arrived, Washington and his men had vanished. . . . Washington had gone to Hackensack. . . . Washington sent an urgent message to Gen. Lee to join him with the 7,000 men whom he had at Northcastle. . . . At last, on the 3rd of December, sixteen days after he had been ordered to start, Lee set off with his army for Morristown, a short distance west of Hackensack. But he had hardly arrived there when a party of British dragoons captured him. . . . New York and the surrounding districts were now all in the hands of the British, and Washington began his famous retreat through New Jersey."

Here are four gross errors. Washington had not gone to Hackensack, but to West Point; Morristown was not "a short distance" west of Hackensack, but more than twenty-five miles, a long distance for those days of primitive roads and transportation facilities; Lee was not captured at Morristown, but at Baskenridge (now Basking Ridge), some miles distant; and Washington did not wait to begin his retreat until after the capture of Lee, but began it long before, having got as far as Princeton before Lee started from Northcastle, and being in Pennsylvania before Lee was captured.

"A representative from Pennsylvania, David Wilmot, had asked for an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery in the lands acquired from Mexico," is the account given of the

[1] The Story of Mankind. By H. W. Van Loon. Boni & Liveright, New York. $5.

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famous Wilmot Proviso, which was a proposed amendment, not to the Constitution, but to a mere appropriation bill. At the beginning of Lincoln's Administration and the outbreak of the Civil War, "Edwin M. Stanton was Secretary of War." He did not become Secretary of War until the early part of 1862, more than ten months later. Fifty years ago, we are told, there was little transatlantic travel. But the largest number of immigrants that ever entered this country, in proportion to its population, came from Europe in the year 1850; and the Cunard steamship line was started in 1840, the Collins and Inman lines in 1850, the North German Lloyd in 1858, and the French line in 1861.

Again: "A Civil Service Commission was appointed (1883), and ever after that day if one wanted to be postmaster of his home town he had to take a civil service examination and await his turn." The fact is that postmasters were not put under the Civil Service regulations until December 1, 1908, more than a quarter of a century later than "that day."

It would be tedious and needless to cite further the multitudinous misstatements abounding in this work which are of a kind plausibly attributable to carelessness or ignorance. No less numerous and much more pernicious are those which are calculated to create false impressions concerning men, measures, and the whole trend of affairs, and from which mischievously false inferences are likely to be drawn. Thus:

"The events of the fifty years following upon the expulsion of the French seemed to put those pessimists in the right. . . . A grand and glorious game of mutual misunderstanding was inaugurated which lasted fifty years and ended only when the colonies had been recognized as an independent commonwealth." Now, instead of fifty years, as twice stated, it was exactly twenty years from the expulsion of the French in 1763 to the recognition of American independence in 1783. Obviously, much more is involved than a mere matter of dates. It made a very great difference whether the Revolutionary War was fought by the same colonists who had fought in the French and Indian War, as was, in fact, the case, or by a subsequent generation, as this misleading work pretends. That such a misstatement should have been made, even if quite inadvertently, is a matter far more serious than a mere numerical error in dates.

Referring to the "Intolerable Acts," which were among the provocative causes of the Revolution, we are told that in England "only one man spoke out against these laws. That was Edmund Burke, who afterward gained fame as the enemy of the French Revolution." It would be difficult to contrive a much more deplorable example of *suggestio falsi*. If it did so happen that in some one debate on some one act or group of acts Burke was the only speaker against the oppression of America, it is a monstrous perversion of history to ignore the thunderings of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; of Lord Camden, Lord Chancellor of England; of Colonel Isaac Barre; of Lord Cornwallis, who by one of the strangest ironies of fate was selected to be the last British commander in America; of John Wilkes, Lord Mayor of London; and other English champions of American liberty. Equally reprehensible is the sneer at Burke, who reached the height of his splendid fame long before the French Revolution. It is easy to see how readily this passage might create the impression that in all England there was only one friend of America, and he an obscure and discredited person. Of a piece with this is the statement that "there was little enthusiasm in England for this war," which, while true enough in its way, practically involves *suppressio veri*—of the facts that British regiments threatened to mutiny if ordered to America, that Lord Chatham's eldest son, Admiral Keppel, General Amherst, General and Field Marshal Conway, Lord Frederick Cavendish, the Earl of Effingham, and other distinguished officers resigned their commissions rather than serve against America, and that the Corporation of the City of London formally commended Lord Effingham for so doing.

Scarcely less mischievous are the elaborate implications that one of the chief causes of the Revolution was the British Government's interference with the wholesale smuggling in which the colonists were engaged; the characterization of the colonial patriots as "perfectly good people with the souls of flunkeys;" and the explicit declaration that in the first Continental Congress, in the fall of 1774, "the Radical wing, under the leadership of Virginia and Massachusetts (represented by Washington and Adams), advocated a war for independence." In respect to the last-cited statement, it is quite certain that, whatever Adams and a few others may have thought, nobody "advocated" independence, but from beginning to end of that session of Congress not a word to that effect was spoken. On the contrary, the Congress adopted a formal resolution denouncing as a calumny the imputation that it was seeking independence, and declaring that, if America were permitted to enjoy the same freedom that prevailed in England, it would ever esteem union with Great Britain to be its greatest glory and its greatest happiness. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the injustice done by these misstatements to that illustrious company of patriots.

Coming down to a much later date, within the personal memory of Dr. Van Loon himself, I find it stated that upon the outbreak of the war with Spain "a treaty of annexation was hastily signed and since 1898 the Hawaiian Islands have been a Territory of the United States." The treaty of annexation was, in fact, signed long before the war began, and not at all "hurriedly;" but it was never ratified, and the most significant and interesting feature of that annexation was that—like that of Texas—it was effected, not by treaty, but by a mere joint resolution of Congress.

There are numerous other equally flagrant errors, which it is difficult to classify, whether as due to carelessness, ignorance, or misconception of the essential and indispensable spirit of true history.

I have spoken of a certain flippancy which frequently mars this work in a manner calculated to engender contempt for the whole subject of American history, instead of that earnest regard which is supremely desirable. Thus in an early chapter the author writes of "fishing smacks angling for whitebait off the coast of New Jersey (if whitebait grows there, which I do not know, being merely a historian and not a botanist)." It may be that some tolerant adult readers would be wearily amused by this feeble attempt at humor; but it is far more likely that the "little Americans" for whom the work is designed, and who are given to understand that it is an instruction book and not a joke book, would be unfortunately puzzled at the intimation that an expert on fishes is a botanist, and misled into supposing that people "angle" for whitebait and that those fishes are found in American coastal waters; while it is pretty certain that discriminating readers would feel a certain contempt for at least this particular history of America. Another lamentable attempt to be humorous occurs in connection with the account of the battle at White Plains: "So when the rainstorm came up, a battle was usually called off, and the contestants were doubtless given rain checks." That might pass muster in a comic "colyum." In a serious history it is as offensively incongruous as a jester's cap and bells on the bench of a court of justice.

Such are some of the errors of fact, of judgment, of taste, which are profusely scattered through a work which has in daily installments been widely issued to the children of America, for their instruction concerning the history of their own country, and for the determination of their mental attitude toward its eminent men and controlling events, and in a measure also toward the outside world. With the intellectual equipment or the conscientious motives of the author of it I am not concerned. Let it be conceded that they are both as high and as faultless as he would wish them to be thought. The work itself is its own most efficient and most convincing touchstone.

In its concluding chapter Dr. Van Loon recognizes the fact that it contains many errors; in attempted extenuation of which he says: "It is not easy to be a historian and a journalist at the same

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moment, with a copy boy at one's elbow." No; and it is not incumbent upon any one to essay the task. His fault was in undertaking a work for which by both information and disposition he appears to have been conspicuously unfitted; in writing what purports to be serious history with the irresponsibility and in the fashion of a humorous newspaper "colyum;" in attempting to paint a panorama of a nation's life without background, without atmosphere, without sense of proportion, without knowledge of color, and without accuracy of draughtsmanship.

But greater even than his fault has been the fault of those professed critics and authorities who, obviously on the most superficial inspection of his work, have exploited it into a prominence and a circulation which it could never have attained through its intrinsic merits, and have without qualification commended it and him to the confidence of the history-reading public and history-studying public. It will be of more than passing interest to observe whether, in another year, the Children's Librarians Section of the American Library Association will, on account of "America for Little Historians," again bestow upon its author a medal of honor for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children." Though, to be sure, there are more ways than one in which literature may be "distinguished."

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

MARKET BUNDLE (A). By A. Neil Lyons. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Lyons is recognized as one of the best of English short-story tellers. The East Side of London is his stamping-ground. Cockney fun and genuine feeling make these tales dramatic life-studies.

ON TIPTOE. By Stewart E. White. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.75.

As a story this is amusing but slight. What really interests the author is the raising in a concrete form the question as to what would happen to capital and business if an inventor should discover a way to get endless electric power directly from the air. Here the hero does just that thing, but his machine is smashed with all his data and figures, and he is left vainly trying to rediscover the invention.

RED KNIGHT (THE). By Francis Brett Young. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Beginning in an unpromising way, Mr. Young's new story soon becomes tense and exciting. "The Red Knight" of the story is a young man who has an inherent propensity to take the weaker side in all quarrels and in all political questions. He reaches the island of Trinacria at the peril of his life, and as a stoker in a steamer. He hopes to aid his old Socialist friend, Massa, to establish liberty through revolution. But he finds Massa already a dictator and despot, and the condition of the land is much like that of Russia after the Bolshevik success. He is forced to become a spy upon the imperialist leaders, runs into a romance, finds himself in an impossible situation between his love, his obligations to Massa, and his belief in liberty, and commits suicide. The story is on original lines, and is not only exciting in its plot and incident, but singular in its study of a character torn between conflicting impulses.

POETRY

POEMS AND PORTRAITS. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.50.

So few of the popular newspaper columnists can become serious in a graceful manner that it is a pleasure to draw attention to Don Marquis's "Poems and Portraits." His poetic genius is not of the highest order, but it is authentic, and there is no small degree of felicity in the manner in which he handles such modest themes as "A Wood Fire," "A Gentleman of Fifty Soliloquizes," "The Towers of Manhattan" (not so modest, after all), and "The Tom Cat." Concluding the book are thirty-four "Savage Portraits," which are quite the best part of the contents. Let one of them represent Mr. Marquis's book:

DIRK

Dirk gleams and twists sarcastic lips about
An epigram he's never uttered yet—
A mordant word! Edg'd phrase none might forget,
A spoken knife, did he but flash it out!
We wait for it! Applaud, almost, or shout,
Or wince beforehand, at that epithet:—
It never comes. But fifty men I've met
Say Dirk is keen. 'Twere heresy to doubt!

Dirk glinted thus on me ten years or more
Ere yet he uttered, mantling with conceit,
His jets . . . poor ass! . . . I glowered upon the floor,
Ashamed *for* him; I stared down at my feet:
Then laughed, for Dirk's soul twinkled in his eyes,
Telling his world, "I am a wit and wise!"

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CAUSES OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE (THE). By C. H. Van Tyne. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

A scholarly study by the head of the History Department of the University of Michigan. It examines closely the reasons and evidence that have brought about modifications of historical views as to the relative importance of the causes of our Revolution. It would be interesting to compare this book closely with Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution."

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

LAST DAYS IN NEW GUINEA. By Captain C. A. W. Monckton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5.

Captain Monckton's earlier book, "Taming New Guinea," was one of the liveliest accounts of adventure ever written. He here continues the story. He knew the country when its people were savages; his experiences were thrilling and make an exciting and entertaining narrative.

SENTINELS ALONG OUR COAST. By Francis A. Collins. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $2.

The recent development of the radio in safeguarding navigation makes this book, with its timely descriptions of the new methods in use in lighthouses and lightships and on ocean carriers, of real interest. The style is entertaining and the pages are enlivened with many photographs.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

SIR EDWARD COOK, K.B.E. By J. Saxon Mills. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

LEGISLATIVE PROCEDURE. By Robert Luce. *Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.* $5.

PROBLEM OF WAR AND ITS SOLUTION (THE). By John E. Grant. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

RUSSIAN TURMOIL (THE). By Gen. A. I. Denikin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $8.

STATE GOVERNMENT. By Walter F. Dodd. The Century Company, New York. $3.75.

ULSTER'S STAND FOR UNION. By Ronald McNeill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

LAST HARVEST (THE). By John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

MORE AUTHORS AND I. By C. Lewis Hind. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CHILDREN'S BIBLE (THE). By H. A. Sherman and C. F. Kent. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

HOW TO KNOW THE BIBLE. By Robert A. Armstrong. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.75.

PROGRESS IN RELIGION TO THE CHRISTIAN ERA. By T. R. Glover, D.D., LL.D. George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

SCIENCE

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Almo De Monco, M.D. The J. F. Rowny Press, Los Angeles. $2.50.

LETTERS OF A RADIO-ENGINEER TO HIS SON. By John Mills. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

RURAL SOCIOLOGY. By J. M. Gillette. The Macmillan Company, New York.

SECRETS OF THE STARS (THE). By Inez N. McFee. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.60.

MISCELLANEOUS

MODERN FARM CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT (THE). By Chelsa C. Sherlock. The Homestead Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

PRACTICAL COOK BOOK. By Bertha E. L. *Stockbridge. D. Appleton & Co., New York.* $2.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOR. By Violet A. Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $8.

SHANTUNG QUESTION (THE). By Ge-Zay Wood. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $5.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE. By Christopher Morley. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

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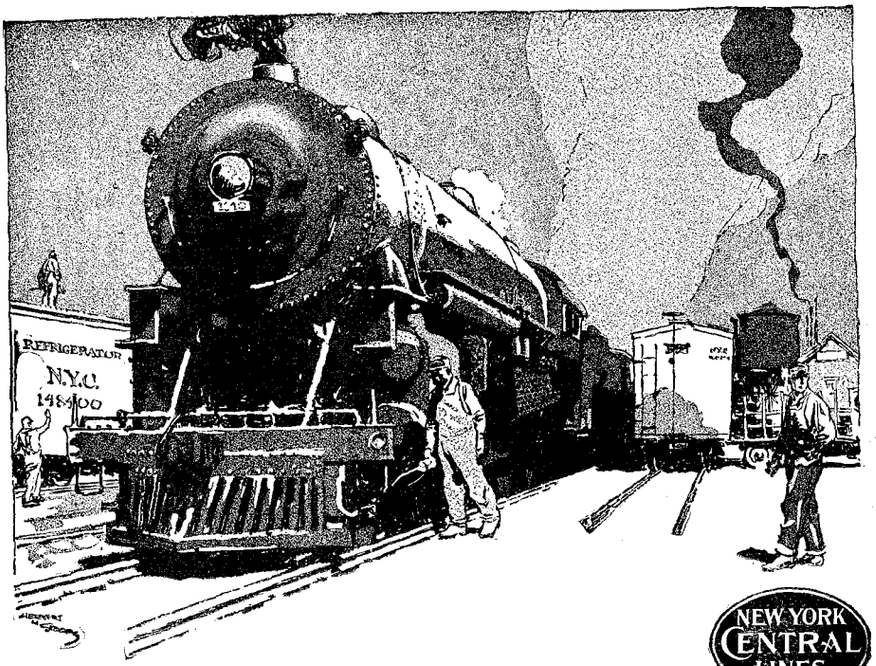

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

The men who operate *the New York Central*

THE character of the public service rendered by a railroad depends upon the character of the men who operate it.

New York Central Lines give dependable service over 13,000 miles of road from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi Valley because they have built up through nearly a century of operation and growth a recognized *esprit de corps*.

New York Central men are carefully chosen, rigorously trained in the lesser tasks for the responsibilities of the greater ones, advanced on merit, and encouraged in a spirit of loyalty to the institution of which they are a part, and of devotion to the public they serve.

New York Central men are proud of the fact that 200 of their number have been in the service for more than half a century, 700 from 45 to 50 years, 1300 from 40 to 45 years, 3600 from 35 to 40 years, 6000 from 30 to 35 years—and many thousands for more than 20 years.

It is such a seasoned personnel, for example, that has for twenty years made possible the famous *Twentieth Century Limited* service between New York and Chicago.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY – MICHIGAN CENTRAL – BIG FOUR – PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
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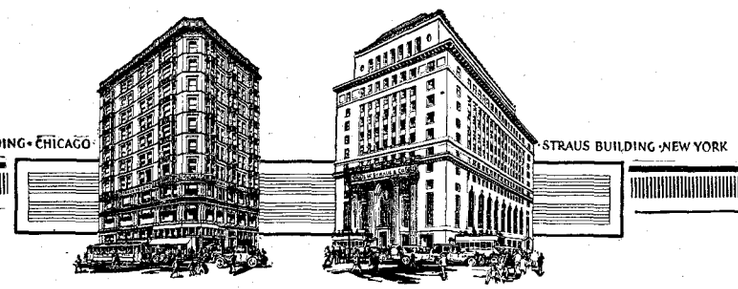
FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

STOCKS ON MARGIN

WHEN a man buys stock on margin, he puts up only a part of the purchase price and borrows the balance from the broker. If he should buy a hundred shares of Steel at the present time, the cost would be approximately $10,600. Possibly he would put up only $2,000 himself, and in that case the broker would advance the balance of $8,600 and the purchaser naturally would be charged interest on this amount, the rate being determined by the current price of money. Credited against this, however, is the amount of dividends paid on the stock. Two thousand dollars margin on a hundred shares of stock is twenty points. Every time the stock declines one point in price the purchaser's margin is reduced by $100, and if it declines twenty points his margin of $2,000 is wiped out. Before this happens, however—probably when the stock has declined about fifteen points—the broker will call for more margin. The customer then has the option of putting up additional margin or running the risk of being sold out, for if he fails to put up more money and the stock declines twenty



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EVERY purchaser of the first mortgage real estate bonds safeguarded under the STRAUS PLAN has the satisfaction of knowing that his investment has the sponsorship of a nationwide Institution with a record of 40 years without loss to any investor. Furthermore—

He *knows* that his principal will be paid in full in cash on the exact day due.

He *knows* that his semi-annual interest payments will be collected for him, and that he can relieve his mind of all worry and attention to his investment.

The holders of bonds safeguarded under the STRAUS PLAN know that they have selected the one safe, satisfactory, worry-proof investment for their funds. These bonds yield the highest rate consistent with safety. They are available in $100, $500 and $1000 denominations. Call or write today for

BOOKLET K-1205

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FORTY YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

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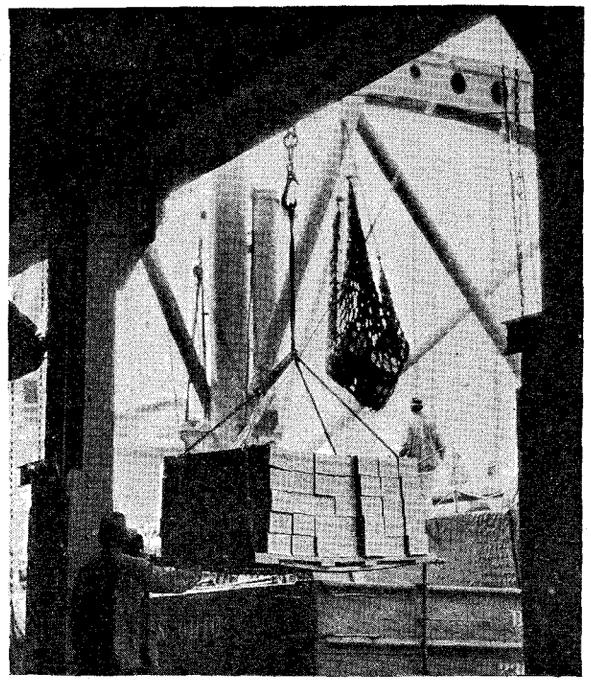
points the broker will sell the shares and the customer's stake is gone.

It is of course true that a rise of one point in the stock means $100 profit for the purchaser, and another $100 profit for every succeeding rise of a point. And by buying on margin one's capital goes further. Two thousand dollars will buy less than ten shares of Steel if the stock is purchased outright, whereas it will purchase one hundred shares on a twenty-point margin. On a ten-point margin it will buy two hundred shares. Thus it is seen that by buying on margin the profits are very much larger if the stock goes up than they are when an outright purchase is made and the shares are paid for in full. It is well to bear in mind, however, that stock prices have been known to go down as well as up, and when they decline the loss to the man who buys on margin is as large in proportion as his possible gains. And suppose it is not possible for him to furnish additional margin. His money is gone forever.

A man invests $2,000 in one hundred shares of stock selling at par. He buys on a twenty-point margin. If the stock goes up twenty points—and he sells—his profit is $2,000. If it declines twenty points, he may have to sell, and his loss is $2,000. Another man invests $2,000 in the same stock, but buys it outright. He gets twenty shares, and a twenty-point rise means a profit to him of $400. On the other hand, a twenty-point drop means only a "paper" loss to him; he is not obliged to sell, but can hold on in the expectation that the stock will go up again. In other words, this is the essential difference between a speculator and an investor: stock fluctuations mean everything to the speculator and little to the investor. And the moral is, don't speculate unless you can afford to lose.

There is, however, a safe method of buying stocks on margin, an excellent method, and one which would be to the advantage of the small investor to study. So far as we know, it was devised by five young business men, and is known as the club plan. It has proved itself a great incentive to saving for numbers of people and works out beautifully in almost every instance.

The way it operated in the case of the five young men was as follows: They agreed to buy five shares of stock, one share for each member of the group. The stock they selected was listed on the New York Stock Exchange, thus assuring them of a ready market on practically a moment's notice if at any time or for any reason they desired to sell. The stock they chose cost $120 a share, so that the total cost of the five shares was $600, and they agreed to pay for it in regular monthly installments of $20 each. Their broker bought the stock, and each member of the group put up $20.50, or a total of $102.50 in cash. Previous arrangements had been made with the local bank, and one of them signed a note for $500; the note was indorsed by each of the other four, and they thereupon received $497.50 from the



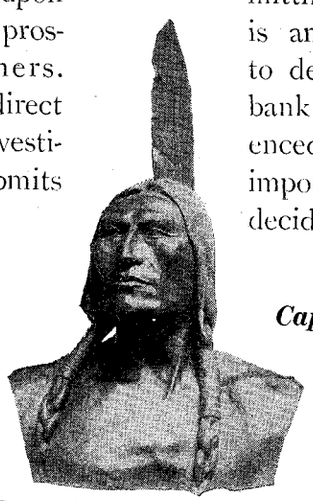
When your shipment goes overseas

VALUABLE goods are sent overseas to a distant foreign customer you may never meet; to one whose business integrity is known to you only by good report. Hazardous? Not as commerce is organized to-day for safety, accuracy and speed.

Before the sale, you may have enlisted the help of this bank in locating desirable markets. After opening negotiations abroad, you request a report upon the reliability of prospective customers. Cables click; our direct representative investigates and submits credit data.

Boston offers your shipment the advantages of a shorter sea trip, favorable rates, and excellent port facilities for handling. Three important railroads have terminals at the docks. Upon arrival of goods here, The National Shawmut Bank supervises handling, insurance and forwarding.

In the numerous details of establishing new foreign contacts, transmitting documents, collecting and remitting promptly, there is ample opportunity to demonstrate that a bank widely experienced in export and import commerce is a decidedly helpful ally.



Correspondence is invited

Capital and Surplus $20,000,000

THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK *of* BOSTON

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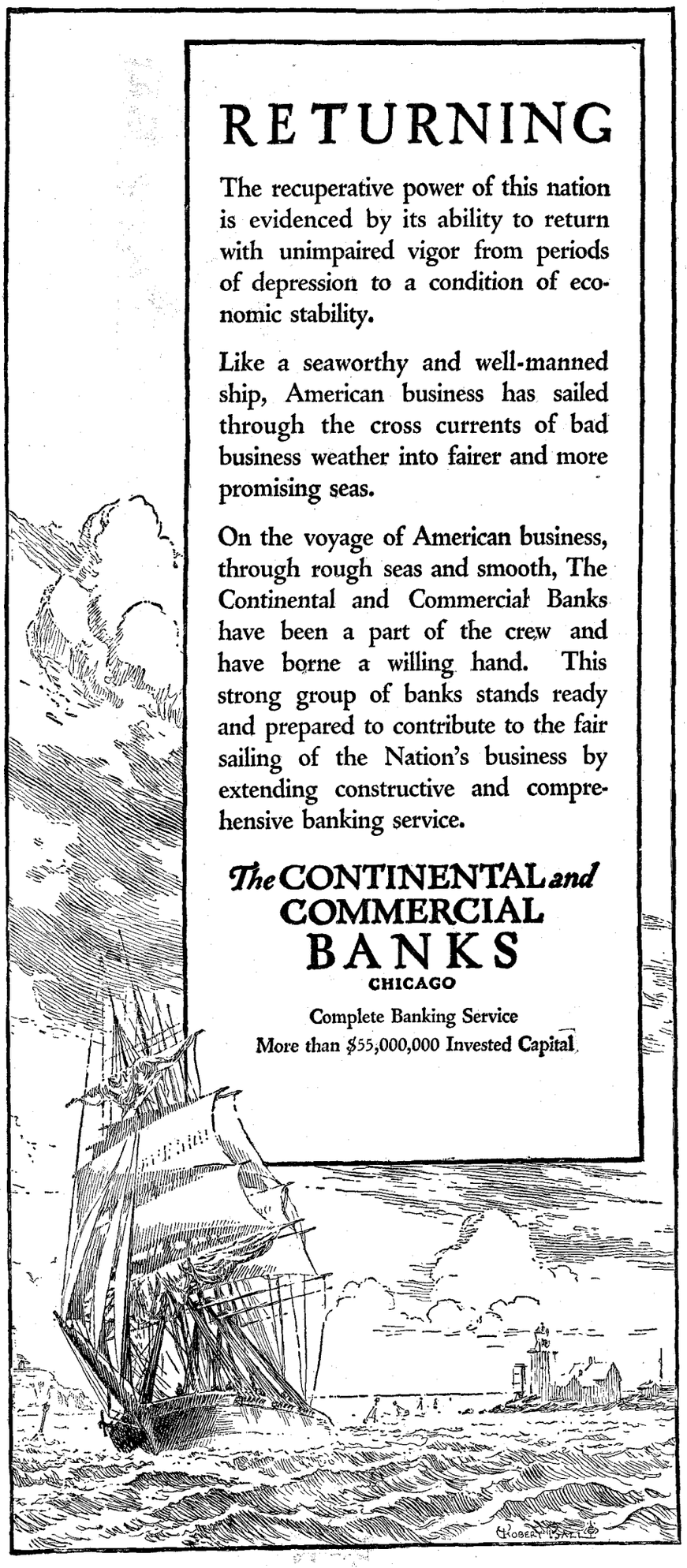
RETURNING
The recuperative power of this nation is evidenced by its ability to return with unimpaired vigor from periods of depression to a condition of economic stability.
Like a seaworthy and well-manned ship, American business has sailed through the cross currents of bad business weather into fairer and more promising seas.
On the voyage of American business, through rough seas and smooth, The Continental and Commercial Banks have been a part of the crew and have borne a willing hand. This strong group of banks stands ready and prepared to contribute to the fair sailing of the Nation's business by extending constructive and comprehensive banking service.
The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO
Complete Banking Service
More than $55,000,000 Invested Capital

(Continued)

bank, the face value of the note less one month's interest. The $600 cash was then turned over to the brokers in payment for the stock, the stock certificate being left at the bank as security for the note.

When the end of the month came, each one of the five paid in $20.40, or a total of $102. The bank was paid $100 plus $2 interest on a new note for $400. At the end of each succeeding four months another hundred dollars was paid to the bank and a new note for $100 less given. When the loan was paid in full, the stock certificate was turned over to them by the bank, and was forwarded to the transfer office of the issuing company and five certificates for one share each obtained in exchange, each certificate registered in the name of one of the group of five.

The person who does not regard saving as worth while might object that this club plan is too much trouble. The answer is that nothing worth while can be too much trouble, and the whole transaction here described was designed, not for speculation, but to assist five young men to save some money, and it proved so well worth their while that they have continued to buy stocks in this way ever since. Their agreement provided further that in case any one of them wanted to sell out his interest before the stock was all paid for it would be offered at auction to the highest bidder among the remaining four.

In the case of the five shares of stock mentioned above the dividend rate was 8 per cent, and of course the group received the dividends while the stock was pledged with the bank. And the dividends in this instance exceeded the interest on the note by a slight margin, and also provided enough for the brokerage commissions.

The bank has given these men the fullest co-operation. Sometimes they have paid as little as ten dollars a month each. But the bank has signified its willingness to loan them up to ninety per cent of the market value of good stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange, provided the stock certificate is pledged as security, and provided further that interest is paid monthly and the note reduced by at least ten per cent each month. No doubt similar arrangements can be made with banks in every city in the country. The plan encourages regular systematic saving, and makes it possible for many people to purchase securities who might be unable to do so if they had to pay for them in full at the time of purchase.

It is buying on margin, but it is a safe method of buying on margin. The money is borrowed from the bank, not from the broker; the stock certificate is delivered, and there is no chance of the purchaser being sold out, as frequently happens in the case of regular speculative margin accounts. Purchasers under the club plan need pay little attention to the daily fluctuations of the stock market, and so long as they stick to

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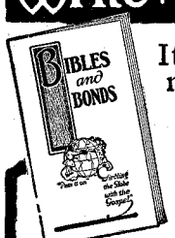

It tells how you may secure an income that cannot shrink; how you may execute your own will; how you may create a trust fund; how you may give generously without hardship.

It describes the annuity bond, a safe, convenient, and productive investment which promotes a fundamental Christian enterprise. Endorsed by all denominations.

Write for Booklet 14

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high-grade listed securities they have little to worry about. It is a method of purchasing stocks on margin by means of a variation of the partial payment plan, and it is an excellent method.

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Q. I have five thousand dollars which I wish to invest in five different bonds. I should be grateful for your suggestions, and would like to net as near six per cent as possible.

A. We should consider that the subjoined list would answer your purpose: Anaconda Copper 6s, due 1929; Brooklyn Union Gas 6s, due 1947; Missouri, Kansas, and Texas prior lien 6s, due 1932; Philadelphia Electric Company 6s, due 1941; Wilson & Co. 6s, due 1941.

Q. Will you name five preferred stocks which you think are suitable for an investment of approximately $1,000 each?

A. American Tobacco; Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe; Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent; National Lead; and Union Pacific.

Q. Will you please tell me the par value of Central Aguirre Sugar stock, its dividend rate and selling price? What is the amount of the funded debt of this company?

A. Par value of this stock is $20 a share; the present dividend rate is $6 a share a year; and the stock is now quoted at about 77 bid, 79 asked. There is no funded debt.

Are You An Investor?

During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. A nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service.

The Outlook Financial Department

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

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TO THE **MEDITERRANEAN**

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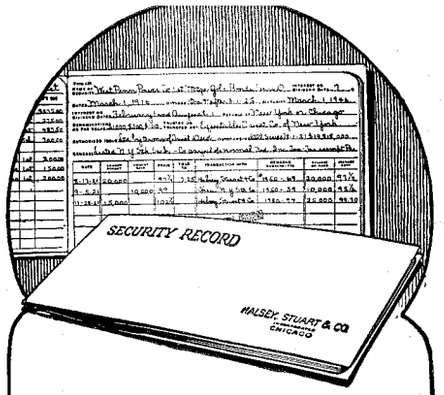

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It is made in loose-leaf form so that pages may be added as required—the pocket size is handy and compact.

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WANTED—Working housekeeper and assistant to do all the work (except laundry) household of three women in Cleveland, Ohi One of them is a professional woman aw all day. Quiet *household, with many pri* leges. Address 2,214, Outlook.

WANTED—Working housekeeper who u derstands vegetarian cooking, adult famil New York City; no laundry work. No se vants need apply. Address 2,880, Outlook.

WANTED—Working housekeeper by mi dle-aged widow living alone in small house miles from Penn. Station, New York Cit All conveniences. Good home, wages, refe ence. 2,886, *Outlook.*

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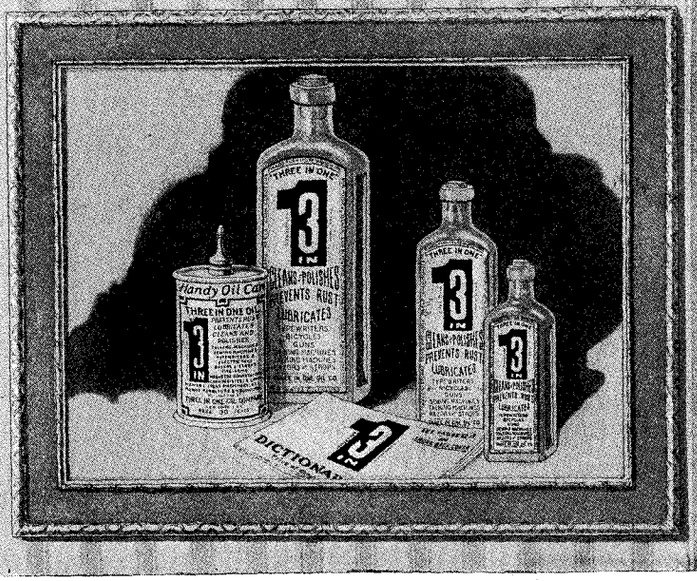

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THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
165 O. Broadway New York City

E-545

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPETENT woman as housekeeper in family of two. References. Box 192, Clinton, Conn.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Private teacher, experienced, to teach young girl English and school subjects. One who also speaks French preferred. Must be willing to live two hours from New York. 2,874, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE—Efficient for invalid. Cheerful, companionable. Can superintend home with help; or willing to travel. Physician's testimonial. 2,252, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse. Refined, Christian woman, capable of taking entire charge motherless children or invalid's home. Previous experience. References. Moderate salary. 2,915, Outlook.

Business Situations

YOUNG married man, with accountant's experience, desires position offering advancement toward responsibility and executive work. Address 2,882, Outlook.

FARM SUPERINTENDENT — Woman with 15 years' experience in farm management, and a student of horticulture in England and U. S. State agricultural colleges, wishes position to manage an estate with up-to-date dairy and poultry plant. 2,890, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MATRON of girls' school wishes change of situation at Christmas. Would travel or consider any position of trust. American and Canadian references. 2,245, Outlook.

CAPABLE woman desires position as housekeeper. Sixteen years' experience. Understands buying, catering, making of menus, and management of servants. Excels in taking charge of special occasions. 2,869, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Position as companion-helper in suburban home by an educated, refined woman of ability and wide experience. 2,877, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, Protestant, social and business experience America and Europe, speaking French, desires position as chaperon, courier, secretary. 2,876, Outlook.

CONGENIAL, cultured woman as useful companion or supervisor where help is kept. Widow's or widower's home preferred. 2,875, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by cheerful, sensible, experienced young woman as companion-governess or chaperon. American, Protestant. References. 2,881, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED, college educated woman desires position as secretary or governess-companion. 2,883, Outlook.

INDUSTRIAL position desired by graduate, registered nurse of long experience. 2,887, Outlook.

TRAVELING companion—Registered nurse going to Florida about November 15 would exchange services for fare. 2,889, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as supervising housekeeper by experienced woman of ability, education, refinement. Pleasing personality. Last position held eight years. 2,892, Outlook.

YOUNG woman. Managing housekeeper institution, school, hotel. Excellent references. 2,895, Outlook.

YOUNG woman (unmarried) desires position as companion to either adult or child, in Christian family, outside New York. References. Moderate salary. 2,901, Outlook.

CULTURED, refined Southern lady desires position as traveling companion or chaperon. Highest references. 2,900, Outlook.

LADY, refined, of social position, desires situation in high-class home for winter. Experienced in management of domestic affairs and care small children; sews well; having traveled, would make good companion. 2,904, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN (middle aged) of executive experience desires position as managing housekeeper in home of elderly couple or widower. Highest references. 2,893, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED, congenial, cultured woman as useful companion or supervisor where help is kept. Widow's or widower's home preferred. Would travel. 2,907, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, experienced, refined, sensible, wants position as companion, companion-secretary, or companion-housekeeper. Philadelphia suburbs preferred. Highest references. 2,908, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement as useful companion or supervisor where help is kept. Widow's or widower's home preferred. 2,912, Outlook.

WANTED — Position as housekeeper in widower's home. New York or suburban preferred. References if needed. 2,914, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED teacher wishes position—governess, mother's helper, companion. Best references. 2,260, Outlook.

TUTOR, experienced, young, athletic, wants position with family traveling South for winter. 2,888, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher of English with excellent credentials desires position as private tutor. 2,891, Outlook.

SCHOOL. Gentleman and wife, both with long experience in school work, seek good position Christmas, or would start small school. 2,894, Outlook.

RESIDENT tutor, 26, experienced languages. Any location. References. 2,897, Outlook.

WOMAN, practical, adaptable, institutional training, desires position as governess or companion to young unusual child. Country preferred. References. 2,898, Outlook.

EDUCATED, experienced woman desires position as governess or mother's helper. 2,906, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

POSITION wanted—Competent governess. Penn. Primary, kindergarten. Successful with delicate children. Diet. Physical care. 2,913, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

FRENCH lady, home in Paris suburb, will take three girls for winter. Social and educational advantages. For references and information apply 2,871, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman, refined, with own car to drive it for use of private family a few hours daily, in Southern winter resort, in return for room and board. Reply 2,878, Outlook.

WANTED—Invalid or elderly person will receive expert care. Ideal country home; all conveniences. Best physician's references. Address Nurse, 2,885, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

RED GLASS—Collection of old Bohemian and old English red glass at private sale. A collector's collection covering years. 2,899, Outlook.

TYPING of manuscripts or other matter by well qualified woman. 2,911, Outlook.

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Dividend checks from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are received quarterly by more than 200,000 telephone users.

Owned by those it serves

Less than fifty years ago an application was made for a patent which created the possibility of speech between distant points. It was the culmination of years of study, research and experiment. It suggested a new aid in commerce and domestic life; a new tie to bind the people together. But it was only a suggestion—a dream.

To make that dream come true required the creation of an organization unlike any other. It demanded a kind of scientific knowledge that was yet to be formulated, as well as a type of equipment still to be devised. And it necessitated the financial and moral support of many communities.

Out of this situation grew the Bell System, bringing not only a new public service, but a new democracy of public service ownership—a democracy that now has more than 200,000 stockholders—a partnership of the rank and file who use telephone service and the rank and file employed in that service. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company exists to serve the people and is owned directly by the people—controlled not by one, but controlled by all.

Evolution is going on. Each year the ownership is more widespread. Each year the various processes of the service are performed more efficiently and economically. Each year new lines and extensions are constructed. The responsibility of the management is to provide the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible cost and to provide new facilities with the growth of demand. To do these things requires equipment, men and money.

The rates must furnish a net return sufficient to induce you to become a stockholder, or to retain your stock if you already are one; after paying wages sufficient to attract and retain capable men and women in the service. They must adequately support and extend the structure of communication.

These are considerations for the interest of all—public, stockholders, employees.

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This Week's Outlook

AN outline study of current history is published each week based on that week's issue of The Outlook and is sent without charge to all subscribers who request it, but is especially designed for groups of students engaged in the study of current events, history, civics, English, etc. Information as to special rates for subscriptions ordered in quantities for class work will be sent on request to

Educational Director

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BY THE WAY

THE good friends who, after hearing a story, say to us, "The way I heard it was this," try us terribly, but they generally improve the story, we have to admit. A subscriber thus betters the legend recently printed in this column about Lafayette's greeting to married and unmarried men: "In our story (handed down in our family in Philadelphia) he told the unmarried man he was a lucky dog, while he said to the married individual, 'What a happy man you must be!' When his attention was called to the apparent contradiction between the two compliments, he said 'There is a great difference between *happy man* and a *lucky dog!*'"

The names of towns on the borders of States are sometimes made up of syllables from the names of the States. Sylmar, for instance, in Maryland, borrows syllables from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and Pen Mar, in Pennsylvania, does the same thing in a slightly different way. Calexico, in California, indicates its proximity to Mexico in its name. Mexicali, just on the other side of the border, in Lower California, has become celebrated as the possessor of "the longest bar in the world," to which Californians can cross over from Calexico and slake their thirst without fear of prohibitory laws.

"To be offered for sale by auction," says an advertisement in an English paper, "part of the ESTATE OF LOCHIEL extending to a total area of about 117,000 acres." This Scottish estate, consisting of over 180 square miles of territory, includes a deer forest of 13,000 acres, a castle, lakes, mountains, sheep farms, trout streams, etc. In its various preserves a total of about 200 stags are often shot during the season, and quantities of salmon and trout obtained. "In one preserve," it is said, "Lord Burton shot the famous 20-pointer." (Refers to a huge stag whose antlers had 20 points.) This vast domain is advertised as a "sporting estate," and probably could be matched only in America for extent and romantic scenery, which includes the famous Ben Nevis.

In the window of a wholesale silk house on Fourth Avenue, New York, the wayfarer sees this cheering sign: JOBS ALWAYS ON HAND. This is probably short for "job lots."

Another sign, at a recent industrial show, read: GUARANTEED EGGS. THESE EGGS ARE LAID BY HAPPY, HEALTHY HENS.

A sign on the Bowery reads: FRENCHY ARTIST. It speaks volumes as to the popular impression that the French are up on art.

Another Bowery sign, perhaps suggested by "Frenchy's," is: SHOEY THE BOOTBLACK.

A Yiddish-English sign in Brooklyn reads as follows: OUR MOTTO: QUALITY TRUTHNESS, QUICK SERVICE.

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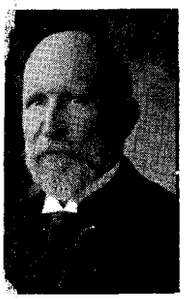

EVERETT PEPPERRELL WHEELER, lawyer and author, was born in New York in 1840. He was educated at the College of the City of New York, and in 1859 received his A.M. degree from there and his LL.B. from Harvard University. He has been prominent in various local and national Civil Service Commissions, a member of the New York Board of Education, and Vice-President of the American Bar Association. He is the author of "Daniel Webster, Expounder of the Constitution," "Sixty Years of American Life," "A Lawyer's Study of the Bible,"

THOMAS MASSON is one of the best known of American critics and essayists. He has been literary and managing editor of "Life" since 1893, and is the author of several volumes, including "A Bachelor's Baby, and Some Grown-ups," "A Corner in Women," and "The Best Stories in the World." He has edited many collections, such as "Humorous Masterpieces of American Literature," "Humor of Love in Verse," and "Best Short Stories." His home is in Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

JOHN BALLARD is a newspaper and magazine writer and a native of Wisconsin. He did newspaper work in that state for several years and was later a correspondent in the Northwest for New York and Chicago papers. While engaged in that capacity he began to make a study of the radicalism that has steadily gained strength in the granger states, and from 1920 to 1922 he was engaged in making investigations and writing on the subject for the American Constitution League of Wisconsin. Mr. Ballard does not view radicalism from the standpoint of either a politician or a professional economist, for he is neither one nor the other. His chosen work is that of a writer on outdoor life, and he is a regular contributor to the "Outers-Recreation Magazine" of Chicago.

KINGSLEY MOSES, who has made an enviable name for himself as an industrial writer, is a graduate of Dartmouth College. He was the only American present in Tripoli during the Italo-Arab hostilities of 1919 and the consequent negotiations for peace of that spring and summer. He traveled considerably over a thousand miles in Libya; and to him, as probably to no one else, were confided the Arab ideals of autonomy.

IMOGEN B. OAKLEY writes The Outlook of her experiences as a juror in a criminal court in Pennsylvania.

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SUPPOSE each city family had to manufacture gas and electricity and pump water! Ridiculous?—Yes. But, no more so than our present system of buying coal at retail, having a "heater" for each apartment or house, every man tending his own little fire and wheeling out his own ashes.

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We have prepared an interesting booklet on Adsco Community Heating; ask for Bulletin No. 20-O. Bulletin No. 158-O describes Adsco Heating—the coal-saving system—for individual buildings with any make of boiler.

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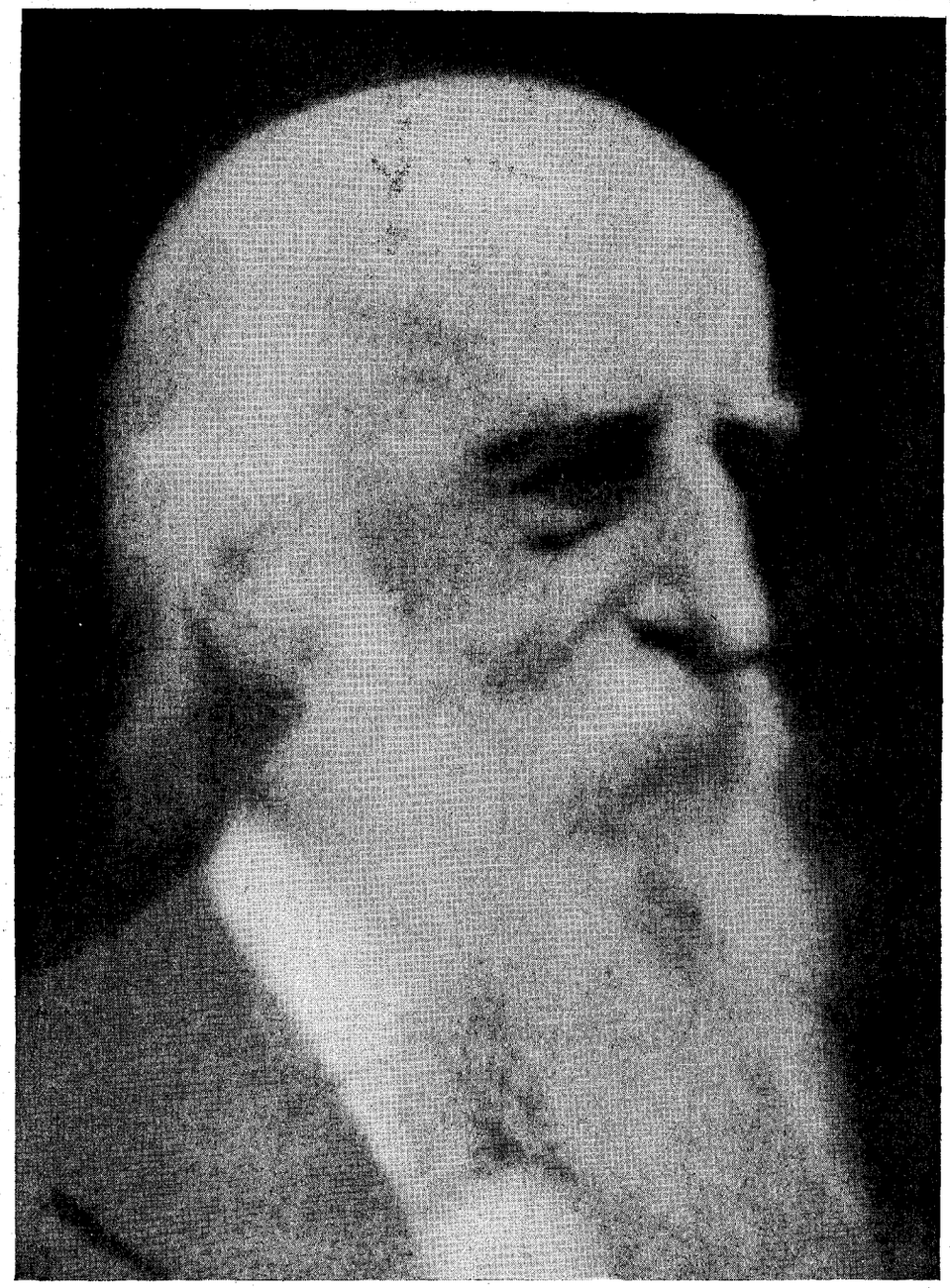

LYMAN ABBOTT

1835–1922

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